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"THE OLD VERSION."—FROM THE PAINTING BY T. HOVENDEN, NOW IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE NEW YORK NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the WEEKLY and BAZAR previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

This weekly is the model youth's paper of the world.—Zion's Herald, *Boston.*

Four Cents a Number; $1 50 a Year.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

A NEW SERIAL,

ENTITLED

"MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER,"

A SEQUEL TO "TOBY TYLER,"

BY

MR. JAMES OTIS.

In No. 127, issued April 4, will appear the opening chapter of a new serial story by MR. JAMES OTIS, *whose popularity as a writer of fiction for young readers is not exceeded by that of any other author. The hearty delight afforded by his story of "Toby Tyler; or, Ten Weeks with a Circus," has made his name a household word in thousands of families.*

During the months that have intervened since the conclusion of MR. OTIS'S *last story, "Tim and Tip; or, The Adventures of a Boy and a Dog," the* MESSRS. HARPER *have received scores of letters from little people inquiring when they might look for another story from his pen.*

"Mr. Stubbs's Brother" will be found to contain all the elements of novelty and brilliant incident that invested "Toby Tyler" with such interest, while the hero himself is in disposition, intelligence, and mirth-provoking qualities even more fascinating and attractive than his late relative, whose untimely end caused the boys and girls such sincere grief.

THE CHINESE BILL.

MR. TAYLOR, the successor in the House of General GARFIELD, made an admirable speech against the Chinese bill during the late debate, in which he exposed the singular inconsistency of the arguments advanced to sustain it. The Chinese are represented in one breath as a rotten race, the victims of hideous immorality, and in the next as a people who are going to drive intelligent and sturdy American laborers out of the field. At one moment every man, woman, and child on the Pacific coast loathes and detests the leprous interlopers, and the next the same protesting people neglect the honest American and intrust the care of their homes and of their children to the leprous pariahs because they can be hired more cheaply. They are alleged to be a class of persons who will never assimilate with us like other foreigners. But those who assert this forget to state that our laws prevent assimilation by making the Chinese incapable of naturalization. Moreover, if they are so disreputable and dangerous and degrading, and if the Pacific population is so unanimously opposed to their coming, that population has an obvious and easy remedy in its own hands. It has only to refuse to hire the lepers, and they will come no longer. Part of the complaint is that they do not wish to stay longer than will enable them to pick up a little money. The hope of wages alone unwillingly brings them. If they can get no wages, they will be only too glad to stay at home.

The only ground upon which the bill prohibiting the voluntary immigration of free laborers into this country can be sustained is self-defense. Every nation may justly decide for itself what foreigners it will tolerate, and upon what terms. But the honor and character of the nation will be tested by the motives of exclusion. Thus in 1803 a bill passed Congress which prohibited bringing to the country certain negro and mulatto immigrants. But it was a bill which sprang from the fears of slave-holders, and which was intended to protect slavery. In the same year South Carolina repealed her State law prohibiting the slave-trade. The objection was to black freemen, not to black slaves; and it is not legislation to which an American can recur with pride, because it was an inhuman abuse of an undoubted national right. We may, unquestionably, determine who shall come, and upon what conditions, as we may decide upon what terms the new-comers shall be naturalized. Against a palpable peril arising from the advent of foreigners, we may justly defend ourselves. Now during the last twenty-five years the Chinese immigration—and a large part of it was cooly traffic—amounted to 228,000 persons, of which more than a hundred thousand have returned, so that by the census of 1880 the Chinese population in the country was 105,000. "All the Chinese in California," says Mr. HOAR, "hardly surpass the number which is easily governed in Shanghai by a police of a hundred men." Considering the traditional declaration of our pride and patriotism that America is the home for the oppressed of every clime and race, considering the spirit of our constitutional provision that neither race, color, nor previous condition of servitude shall bar a citizen from voting, is it not both monstrous and ludicrous to decree that American civilization is endangered by the "Mongolian invasion?"

For the Republican party, which is responsible for national legislation, the simple question is, whether a free laborer who wishes to come to this country for a time and work honestly for honest wages shall be prohibited from coming, lest China should be precipitated upon Western America and overwhelm the New World. Can any such peril or the chance of it be inferred from the facts? Mr. JONES, of Nevada, speaks of the colored race. But that race was brought here by force and fraud. It is not a migratory race. So the Mongolians are not migratory. The coming of 230,000 or 240,000 Chinese in a quarter of a century, and the presence of 100,000 in the country at the end of that time, are not the precursor of an overwhelming invason. The bill is founded on race hatred and panic. These are both familiar facts even in this country. It is not a very long time since one of the most familiar objections to the antislavery movement was that the fanatics wanted to free the "naygurs," who would immediately overrun the North and supplant the Irish. It was mere panic. We have always invited everybody to come and settle among us, because the chance of bettering his condition was fairer here than anywhere else in the world. If we now exercise our right to select new-comers, not upon great public considerations the truth of which is demonstrated, but because of race hatred, or of honest labor competition, or fear of local disorder, the movement will not stop there. The native American crusade of twenty-five years ago was another form of the same spirit. Senator GEORGE was logical in his implication that if a whole race may be excluded from the national domain because of a local desire, a whole enfranchised class may be excluded from the suffrage for the same reason. Mr. TAYLOR said of the Chinese bill: "It revolutionizes our traditions. I would deem the new country we will have after this bill becomes law as changed from the old country we have to-day as our country would have been changed if the rebellion of 1861 had succeeded." The exclusion bill has passed Congress by a large majority. Public opinion seems to favor it, as it has often favored unwise legislation. Even the amendment to try the experiment of exclusion for ten years failed. It is not probable that there will be a veto, and the only benefit to be anticipated is that, as we have now decided to regulate immigration, we shall exclude every class whose coming can not be considered to be advantageous to the national welfare.

LEGAL REGULATION OF THE PRIMARIES.

A BILL has been introduced in the Assembly of New York by Mr. HICKMAN, of Buffalo, which is intended to restore to the people the power of nomination to office. Under the present practice in many parts of the State party nominations are made without the knowledge of the great body of voters, and nothing is left to those voters but the alternative of supporting a candidate whom they disapprove, or helping to defeat their party. In the large cities and towns and the suburban communities this has become a serious and intolerable evil. To all complaint it has been answered that if people do not attend the primary meeting, they must not grumble at the result; and further, that SAM ADAMS made good use of the caucus. The SAM ADAMS argument is not very powerful, because his caucus was an honest assembly. The other argument would be valid except for two considerations: one, that the primary meeting is now packed; and the other, that under a system of spoils patronage there is a single class of citizens vitally interested to control the primary by any means.

Mr. HICKMAN'S bill puts into legal form the suggestions advanced in two letters to the Buffalo *Express* last autumn, and which we discussed at the time. It applies the machinery of elections to the nomination of candidates. Under prescribed conditions and penalties, every voter may express his preference, and provision is made for duly ascertaining and announcing the result. Nominations need no longer be made by managers in a corner, and an opportunity is offered by the bill for ascertaining the real preference of the body of voters in every party. The voter will be at no more inconvenience to express his choice than at the election. The bill, in fact, so far as the voter is concerned, provides for two elections. The scheme necessarily baffles intriguers, and checks trickery and fraud of every kind. It extends to the selection of delegates to party conventions, but of course without interfering in any degree with the right of every party and every voter to make nominations and select candidates at pleasure. But it properly assumes that if this opportunity of selection under legal forms and officers is once established, the methods which have conspicuously failed would be discarded.

Of course the ingenuity of "practical politicians" would be instantly tasked to outwit this excellent and sensible scheme. One effort would be probably to anticipate the selection by the action of a convention. The bill appoints the nominating election to be held eight weeks before the actual election. The managers, therefore, would call a convention in the usual way, to be held a week before the nominating election. They would then select a candidate, and trust that the fact of his selection by party representatives would persuade the voters that he was really the party choice, and so lead them to vote for his nomination. But this trick would be countered by the general knowledge of the methods used to procure the convention nomination, and by the general conviction that the open election is the only fair way of ascertaining the real disposition of the whole party. The scheme of the HICKMAN bill is simple and feasible. It is an effective blow at the whole corrupt system of machine nominations, and we hope that it will not be suffered to sleep in the committee, but be thoroughly discussed, and then adopted. Improvements and modifications, as they showed themselves to be desirable, could be easily made. The press can do much to promote this admirable measure, and there are certainly some members of the Legislature who would advocate it ably. Public opinion should come to its support, for it is a proposition for the political emancipation of the great body of the people. Voters who wish to do something else than register the will of those whom they would not trust to manage other affairs should urge their representatives to support Mr. HICKMAN'S bill. It does not embody the only plan of remedy which has been suggested, but no other has been formulated into an act.

LONGFELLOW.

No American could have died who would have been more universally mourned than LONGFELLOW. He had come into all homes, and was beloved of all hearts. His sweet and pure and tender genius has hallowed all domestic relations and events, and there is no emotion which does not readily and fitly express itself in his verse. He was the most famous of Americans, and his fame had become a personal affection and a national pride. This was from no misconception of his position in literature or of his peculiar power. But it is the most significant tribute to the man.

A more symmetrical and satisfactory character it is not easy to conceive. Rectitude and simplicity, exquisite courtesy and gentleness, infinite patience and sympathy and tact, blended in a manner which was as gracious as a poem and benignant as a benediction. His accomplishment in letters, his elegant scholarship, was extraordinary. The felicity of citation, the aptness of allusion, were delightful, and all his wealth of resource never tipped a sneer or permitted an innuendo. His perfect humanity instinctively apprehended every fellow-man, and, known to everybody, not one who knew him personally can have had any unkindness of feeling for one who could not be unkind. His home, if deeply saddened in recent years, was always the House Beautiful, and its noble, urbane, and beloved master welcomed guests from every land, and greeting them in their own language, revealed to them an America which they had not suspected, and which they could never forget.

Although for many months his friends have watched him wistfully, and waited for news with half-foreboding hearts, the old, old sorrow comes at last with the old pang and unappeasable sense of loss. He was old, but still his sweet song was heard with all the familiar music and the inexpressible charm. Age touched his silvering head, but not his heart nor his mind. His place among us in our busy life was that of the bard in the fond old golden legends that he loved, the honored and cherished singer whose hand the youth and the maidens kiss, and in whose lofty and tender melody the older men and women hear once more the accents of their early aspiration, and own a consolation for long-baffled hopes.

"And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That can not be at rest,

"We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way."

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.

The evils of the civil service system which demand to be reformed are strikingly illustrated in the case of Burt Van Horn, the Collector of Internal Revenue in the Twenty-eighth District of New York. This case has attracted great attention, and a statement in the Washington correspondence of the New York *Times* may be taken as the best explanation of the reasons for the removal. It is as follows:

"A well-informed friend of the President says that Mr. Van Horn's removal has been asked for in such a way that, considering the fact that his term expired last summer, the request could not be refused. The gentlemen who represent the district are Senator Lapham and Representatives Crowley, Wadsworth, Richardson, and Van Voorhis. Of these, all but Mr. Van Voorhis asked for the appointment of Mr. Pierce. Mr. Van Voorhis was for Major Sill, of Rochester. Not one request was made by any Representative for the retention of Mr. Van Horn."

We believe that such commissions as that of Mr. Van Horn designate no term, and that the incumbent holds virtually at pleasure. But however this may be, the question of continuance in such a position should depend solely upon personal character and official capacity. In point of fact, we think that Mr. Van Horn had held the position for a shorter term than any living collector in the State. No charge of any kind affecting his personal character has been suggested, and the correspondence with the Commissioner of Internal Revenue which has been published establishes beyond cavil the fact that the management of the office of Mr. Van Horn was among the most satisfactory in the country. "I am gratified," said the Commissioner last May, "to be able to state not only that your office maintains the highest rank, but that the Revenue-Agent reports that its present condition and the manner of conducting the business do not admit of criticism in any respect." Last November this commendation was repeated by the Commissioner. "Your office was found, on the recent examination of Revenue Agent Wheeler, in its usual excellent condition. Your grade remains number one, or first class."

The reasons for displacing so efficient and admirable an officer should have been plain and urgent. What were they? Mr. Van Horn's removal, we are told, was requested in a way not to be refused. By whom, and for what? Who had any right or authority to ask the removal except upon public grounds? But no such grounds are alleged. If, however, the reasons were the private or political interests of those who asked, why are such private and selfish pleas not to be refused? "Not one request was made by any Representative for the retention of Mr. Van Horn," says the account. But why should it have been made? Of what weight would such a request be, compared with the official record of service? The truth simply is that certain political gentlemen did not like an admittedly honest, capable, and efficient public officer, and he was displaced to make room for a gentleman whom they did like for private and not for public reasons; for it is not pretended that his successor will be probably more upright, capable, and efficient than Mr. Van Horn. It is in this way that, under our present system of appointment and removal, the public service becomes practically the private service of a few politicians, and that the welfare of all the people is subordinated to the interests of a few persons. Will it be seriously alleged that the promotion of the personal or political advantage of a few citizens is a valid reason for the removal of an honest and capable officer, whose effective discharge of his duties does not admit of criticism?

THE REV. DR. DEWEY.

At the age of eighty-eight, after long withdrawal from active life, yet with his natural force until lately little abated, the Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey is dead. Forty years ago he was the most eloquent and powerful preacher in New York. His church, the Church of the Messiah, in Broadway, opposite the New York Hotel, was thronged every Sunday evening by the members of other congregations in the city, who heard from his glowing lips exhortations to holy living which as Christians they could hardly believe to be heretical, even if the church were not accounted orthodox.

Dr. Dewey was the friend of Channing, and preached in his pulpit in Boston during the two years of Channing's absence in Europe. But the genius of the two men as preachers was widely different. Calm and intellectual, like colorless light, the limpid and restrained flow of Channing's discourse made a new channel for the religious life and thought of his time, while palpitating with emotion, Dewey, with fervid and tender appeal, demonstrated the power and the consolation as well as the reasonableness of religion. Such preaching had never been heard in New York. Jonathan Edwards and Whitefield and Summerfield and more recently John Mason had been the great pulpit orators. Dewey blended something of them all. The force of Edwards, the fire of Whitefield, the sweet tenderness of Summerfield, the conviction of Mason, might all be traced in his discourse. Judges and merchants, men and women of all pursuits, went to church with new ardor, and learned that in the Church Universal there are many mansions.

Dr. Dewey was the intimate friend of Bryant and of Miss Sedgwick, with whose names his own will be always associated with the beautiful Berkshire hills. He was born among them, in Sheffield, the town next to Great Barrington, where Bryant lived for many years, and where he was married. To those hills Dr. Dewey returned when his work was done, and there, slowly declining, but still with singular mental vigor, his peaceful life wore away. Dr. Osgood succeeded him in the Church of the Messiah. Then the old building was transformed into a theatre, and the society built the fine church on Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, where Robert Collyer now preaches. But amid all the changes of the society, one thing did not change, and that was love and respect for the old pastor and famous preacher. His memory and his fame are the cherished traditions of his church and his denomination, and there are those still in the full activity of life to whom the death of the patriarch is the loss of a beloved personal friend.

THE QUAKER AND CAVALIER.

We have received a courteous and pleasant letter from Mr. Clifford P. MacCalla, Corresponding Secretary of the Bicentennial Association in Philadelphia, stating that our recent allusion to the proposed commemoration of the settlement of the State would have been less light in tone had we been aware of the full scope of the celebration. It is not only by military pageants and processions of firemen and pyrotechnical displays that the memory of William Penn is to be honored, but the festival is to have a permanent character by awarding prizes for "the best works in art and science, and by the delivery of lectures on the progress of law, philosophy, science, art, and medicine" during the two hundred years since the State was founded.

The Secretary reminds us, apropos of the military pageant, that Penn was a soldier, and the son of an admiral, and received his province in payment of a war debt. William Penn was a gentleman in the old English sense, and familiar with courts, wearing his sword like a true cavalier. Benjamin West, indeed, painted him as a broad-brimmed, shad-bellied Quaker. But after he became a Friend, Penn still wore his sword and courtly dress, and his portrait in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society depicts him as a cavalier "of a frank countenance, and clad in armor," as Wayne McVeagh said in an address upon the one-hundred-and-ninety-fifth anniversary of his landing, and George Fox exhorted him to wear his sword as long as he could.

Secretary MacCalla declares that it is this William Penn, sworded and excelling in athletic exercises, and not the Quaker of West's picture, that Pennsylvania will commemorate. Moreover, it is not only its origin but its progress that the State remembers. The Secretary speaks by authority, yet we can not help thinking that the Penn of tradition, sharing with Arent Van Corlaer in New York and Roger Williams in Rhode Island the honor of treating the Indians as human beings, and founding a State upon justice and peace, rather than the Penn of history, accomplished courtier though he was, is most familiar to the American heart and imagination.

BOSTON, THEN AND NOW.

In Boston, a century ago, Samuel Adams, James Otis, and the Sons of Liberty insisted with eloquent urgency that taxation without representation is tyranny. When the British Ministry replied that they were virtually represented, the Bostonians retorted that they would have actual representation, and they shook off the British connection to obtain it.

There are to-day in Boston, according to the statement of a Massachusetts Senator, 8500 women who hold property valued at $75,000,000, upon which they pay an annual tax of more than $1,000,000. They are told by the sons of Adams and Otis that they are virtually represented. Yet there is not one of those sons who would submit in his own case to virtual representation any more than their fathers submitted. Now if it was right or expedient that the colonies should tax themselves, why is it not equally right and expedient that women should have a voice in levying and expending the taxes upon their own property?

PORTRAIT OF LONGFELLOW.

There are many familiar portraits of Longfellow, but next week we shall present a new and admirable large likeness of the poet which will be worthy of preservation, and which will be welcome to a thousand homes.

JUMBO.

What the London *Spectator* calls "the explosion of friendship" for Jumbo ended in a declaration by the authorities of the "Zoo" that Mr. Barnum might have had the brute for nothing, upon condition of removing such a dangerous animal out of the kingdom. Perhaps this is but a revelation of the deep and dark design of perfidious Albion. Jumbo is to be treacherously conveyed to us that he may trample young Americans under his feet, and so diminish the number of what some of our perfervid Americo-Hibernian orators would fain persuade us are the hereditary enemies of England.

If, however, we Americans can persuade ourselves to regard Jumbo in any other light than that of a Trojan horse, teeming with hidden perils, it will be interesting to reflect that when we have him we shall have a larger elephant than any in Europe, or in the largest collections of elephants in the world, the Kheddars of India. The youthful Jumbo is nearly twelve feet high, a kind of Koh-i-noor among elephants, a nonpareil, a griffin, a phœnix, a dodo. Viewed in this latter light, he will certainly be a vast addition to the Barnum menagerie.

But the *Spectator* gives us more reasons for satisfaction. Jumbo is not only the best of his kind, but he is becoming a unique. Mr. Blyth, a famous Indian naturalist, says that the elephant is disappearing, going to meet his hairy ancestor, who is still found in the frozen tundra of Siberia, and imbedded in the polar islands. The demand for ivory is such that the race of elephants can not supply it. It is estimated that 100,000 perish annually in the cause of ivory, and their places are not filled. They live long, or would live long except for the insatiable desire for ivory, even to 150 years. But the young Jumbo is likely to outlive his race, and be the priceless Only One, like Richter. Under these circumstances, and since Mr. Barnum had already bought him, perhaps the wisest course for the directors of the "Zoo" was that which they have pursued, "to let him go, and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave."

AMERICA AT ATHENS.

The fact that the distinguished Professor of Greek at Harvard, Mr. Goodwin, has consented to reside in Athens for two years, as the head of the American School of the Archæological Institute of America, at once gives that enterprise substantial dignity and consideration. The general object of the school is to promote the study of Greek art and literature upon the soil of Greece, in the Grecian air, and amid Grecian associations. It is this study at first hand and upon the spot which has enabled the research of European scholarship to distance ours.

The chief colleges in the country have interested themselves in the project of the school at Athens, and none have been more warmly its friends than the accomplished scholars who fill the chair of Greek in those colleges. They know much better than others the value of the study of Greek civilization amid its remains in Greece. The impetus which the Archæological Institute has already given to original American research both in the Greek islands and in Central America will lead undoubtedly to results of which American scholarship may be justly proud.

PERSONAL.

The Right Rev. Bishop French, of Lahore, has been awarded the war medal for Afghanistan, having ministered under fire to dying soldiers in the campaign of 1879–81. The Rev. Mr. Allen, of Bombay, received a war medal for similar services in 1840–41.

—The anti-vivisectionists are gaining ground in England. Among those who have enrolled themselves in the society formed against vivisection are the Earl of Shaftesbury, Cardinal Manning, the Bishops of Bath and Wells, Oxford, and Winchester, the Marquises of Ailesbury and Bute, Robert Browning, Alfred Tennyson, Lord Coleridge, and other persons prominent in the public and social life of that country.

—Mr. Francis Watts, of Rockville, Connecticut, a recent graduate of the Deaf-mute Asylum at Hartford, has completed a marble medallion likeness of Professor Bartlett, the well-known instructor at that asylum, who recently died. Mr. Watts executed it from memory and a photograph. It was ordered by a number of deaf-mutes, and is to be placed in the Park Church of Norwich, Connecticut.

—Signore S. Albano, one of the most celebrated of modern Italian sculptors, has presented to the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art his powerful statue "Il Ladro," or thief, the conception of which was drawn from a well-known passage in Dante's "Inferno." It will arrive in this city in the course of a few days. A fine engraving of it may be found in Harper's Magazine for March, 1880, page 493.

—Professor Liautard is to be congratulated on the growing success of the American Veterinary College in this city. In 1876, the class numbered only nine students, four of whom gained a diploma. The class of '82 numbered an even fifty. On the occasion of the last annual Commencement, held recently at Chickering Hall, several prizes were awarded. Mr. James S. Kemp, Jun., of Holbrook, Suffolk County, New York, bore off the highest honors ever awarded by the college for excellent scholarship. He received two gold medals, one from the Board of Trustees for the best general examination before the faculty, and the other from the New York State Veterinary Society for the best practical examination in medicine and surgery. Mr. Kemp is a young man, only 20 years of age, and has been appointed House Surgeon in the College Hospital.

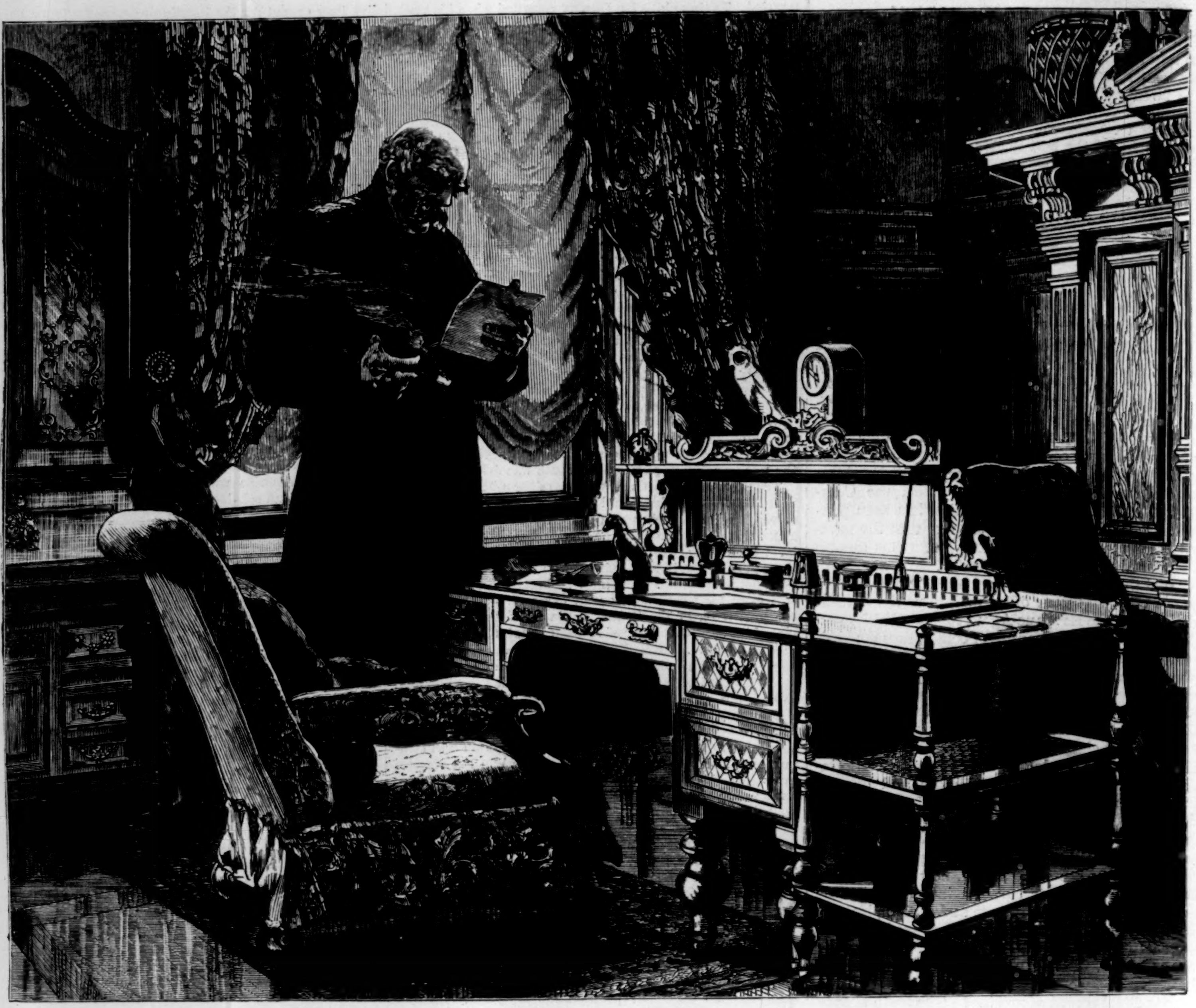
—There are in the city of Hartford, Connecticut, over five hundred persons who pay taxes on property valued at over $20,000. Among them are T. M. Allyn, who figures at $666,538; C. H. Brainard, $399,528; W. H. Bulkley, $280,912; C. H. Colt, $371,772; Elizabeth H. Colt, $327,172; Nelson Hollister, $262,540; C. H. Northam, $325,830; Asa F. Porter, $381,875.

—Ex-Congressman John T. Wilson has presented to Adams County, Ohio, $50,000 for the foundation of a Children's Home.

—Seth Green long since vindicated his right to be called a public benefactor. His personal appearance is thus described in the Rochester *Democrat*: "Mr. Green is one of those hardy, well-preserved, gracious men who receive one in the most hospitable and informal manner. His strong frame bears a large rotund head well stocked with hair, and his long, heavy gray whiskers, almost hiding the look of decision evidenced by his mouth, give him the appearance of a patriarch of the good old Yankee days in the colonies. Beneath and gleaming through the deep-set eye, with its steadfast look that expresses a full rounded-out character and contented disposition, is a merry twinkle that enkindles into a well-defined expression of satisfaction whenever he relates his experience with his friends, the inhabitants of the watery element."

—Cornelius A. Logan, the newly appointed Minister to Chili, emigrated at an early day to Kansas, and took an active part in politics. He is a brother of Olive Logan. In 1873 he was appointed United States Minister to Chili, and at the request of the governments of Peru and Chili was made arbitrator to adjust the difficulties then existing between those republics relative to the debts contracted by the South American republics while at war with Spain. His success in this won for him warm commendations.

—Of Mrs. Caroline Le Roy Webster, who died a few days ago at New Rochelle, New York, at a very advanced age, Mr. Webster wrote the following pleasant letter to a gentleman in Chicago, dated Boston, November 18, 1829: "....And now, my dear sir, I must tell you and Mrs. ——, in confidence, a little news—nothing less than my expectation of being again married. The affair is not of long standing, but it looks so much like terminating in a marriage that I may venture to mention it to you, to go no further, till you shall hear of it from other quarters. The lady is Miss Caroline Le Roy, of New York, aged thirty-one years or thereabout. She is the daughter of a highly respectable gentleman now some years retired from mercantile business. Mrs. —— will want to know all about her. What I can say is that she is amiable, discreet, prudent, with enough of personal comeliness to satisfy me, and of the most excellent character and principles. With this account of the lady your wife must be content till she has the means of personal acquaintance, which I sincerely hope may happen soon. Tell her she will be sure to like her. Whether this same lady will go to Washington the first of next month, or whether she will be so cruel as to oblige me to go without her, and return for her to New York about Christmas, are secrets worth knowing, but which are not known to me. I shall endeavor to set forth strongly the inconvenience of a winter journey from Washington to New York and back."



BISMARCK IN HIS STUDY.

BISMARCK'S FAVORITE SEAT AT VARZIN.

PORTRAIT OF BISMARCK.—Sketched from Life by Carl von Werner.

BISMARCK IN HIS COUNTRY HOME.—[See Page 198.]

"A VERY BAD BEAR."—FROM A PAINTING BY W. H. BEARD.

BEN, CIVILIZED BEAR.

WHY was he called Ben? Because that was his name. You wonder why that name was given him? Well, that may have been for various reasons. This, for instance. When Ben was a very small cub he hadn't much in this world, not even a name; nothing but an old she-bear mother and a little cub brother like himself—no more.

There was a party of hunters or trappers camped upon the bank of a Western river, and among them a half-grown boy, who, having finished his breakfast one morning before the others, boy-like wandered off in his restlessness to see what he could find. And what he *did* find was these two little cubs. They were too young for him to have any fear of them, so without a thought of any other bear in the world, he picked them up by the napes of the neck, one in each hand, and started back for the camp. Though the little cubs were unable to defend themselves, or resent this liberty with their persons, they could still invoke help, which they did by squealing lustily, and aroused the sleeping mother near by.

Rendered desperate by the danger of losing her cubs, she gave chase right into the enemy's camp, with a set of great white teeth fully exposed in the open mouth, ears laid back, eyes glaring with rage. She was such a formidable-looking object that the boy lost his presence of mind altogether. With desperate instinct he clutched the cubs as if his life depended upon his retaining his hold upon them. As he approached the camp at flying speed, he made himself the subject of much subsequent merriment by bawling out to the party, still seated at their breakfast right in his path, "C-l-e-a-r the track! H-e-r-e we come! Me and the bars!"

Just at this critical moment—for the old bear was right upon his heels—he stumbled, and dropped one of the cubs as he fell headlong to the ground, dreadfully frightened. The old bear, glad to recover one of her lost darlings, stopped for a moment to caress him, while the boy regained his feet, and escaped to the camp with the other. As soon as the men could snatch their rifles, they hurried off in search of the old bear and remaining cub, but the bereaved mother, who had retreated to the rocks and secreted herself and baby in some fissure, could not be found. In telling his adventure afterward at the camp, the excited boy remarked, "If I hadn't dropped that cub, I would have been—would have been—" He didn't quite know what he would have been, so didn't tell; but one of hunters interrupted him by saying: "You *would have* Ben, so you hung on to him. I reckon that cub's name's Ben." That is probably the reason he was so called. At all events his name was Ben, and by that name I introduce him to you.

Ben soon forgot his poor old mother as well as his little brother, adapted himself to his new surroundings, and was metamorphosed into a "tame bear"; that is, knew no associations but human, was not afraid of man, nor were men afraid of him as a rule. More's the pity, for this fearless intimacy with man was the ultimate ruin of poor heedless Ben.

When the camp broke up, little Ben was placed in a wicker cage improvised by the boy, and thrown rather roughly into the wagon with the skins, traps, salt venison, etc., and carted off to the settlement, where he was petted through the fall, and slept through the greater part of the winter, as is the nature of his family.

In the spring, when the journey had to be made to the trading post for ammunition and other supplies, Ben was furnished with a more substantial and necessarily much larger cage—for he was now quite half grown—and placed on the wagon with which his master was to make the tedious journey of three or four days' duration. It ended just at night of the fourth day, and Ben saw by the fading light an old block-house formerly built for safety against the Indians, and a tavern which seemed mostly bar-room, though Ben knew nothing of that as yet. He only saw one large room more brilliantly lighted than the rest, full of boisterous men, and a large log building used as a store, and containing everything needed in a new country. This was also brightly lighted, and a considerable number of men were lounging about the door or seated upon the broad stoop.

All this was strange and curious to unsophisticated Ben, and he wondered what it could mean, as he sat in his cage on top of the load, and noted lights suddenly flashing upon the sight from cabin windows scattered about here and there, now half obscured by the trunk of some huge tree left standing, now silhouetting the dark form of a woman in the open door as she peered with shaded eyes into the gathering gloom for loitering husband or son sent long enough ago to the store for a quarter of a pound of tea.

The wagon was driven into the stable-yard, and left standing with its load unremoved, Ben's cage and all, while the horses were taken off and put into the stable. Ben was given his supper of dainties he had never tasted before, and left for the night.

In the morning he excited considerable curiosity among the loungers when his cage was taken down and placed upon the ground. His master wanted to dispose of him, and would be obliged to remain at the post several days at any rate, and it was proposed to the landlord, and acceded to, that Ben, being perfectly tame and harmless, should have a chain and collar, and be given greater liberty in one corner of the yard, where a post was planted, to which he was fastened.

Here Ben received his motley visitors, who fed him on all sorts of choice things—candies, cakes, raisins, etc.—which tickled his inexperienced palate, while his vanity was gratified by his being the object of so much attention. Poor vain Ben! He was scarcely ever alone through the day, but constantly in the company of a greater or less number of idle persons. Ben was delighted with the new order of things, and being a natural wag, and kept in good humor by gratified appetite and vanity, he grew to be very popular. The landlord, seeing what an attraction he was, bargained for him with the boy, and Ben, to his entire satisfaction, was fixed in his new quarters, and without a sigh allowed his old master to return to his forest home.

In his new situation Ben was as indifferent to the feelings of his recent master as he had been before to those of his poor mother and little cub brother. Sweet cake and such things instead of his former plain fare—corn-dodgers and the like—with plenty of good fellows to feed them to him and laugh at his antics, were ample recompense for the loss of his young master's tender care. Like most worldly pleasures, however, an over or unwise indulgence brought its penalty for the bear. The rich food he now enjoyed, though pleasant to the taste, was not conducive to health, as was manifest in his altered disposition. He soon became cross, morose, freaky, or, as his enemies would have it, treacherous. He lost much in popularity in consequence, of which he was aware, and that made him all the more irritable.

About this time the hostler, a very decent, well-meaning fellow, whose duty it was to take care of Ben, was promoted to the box—in other words, made a stage-driver—and another found to fill his place, who proved to be quite a different character, much more disposed to attend to that which did not concern him than to perform faithfully his legitimate duties, one of which was to look after the bear, attend to his wants, etc., though not to teach him tricks to render him still worse than he had already power to be. At first he took no particular interest in his charge, and fed him regularly enough; but after a few days' acquaintance, seeing Ben in his better moods, he discovered his true character, and told the stable-boys and loungers that there was fun in the brute, and that he was going to get it out of him.

Accordingly, when his duties were done, he procured some molasses, in which he poured a quantity of whiskey, and set it before the unsuspecting Ben, who, innocently enough, lapped it up with great delight. This was only for the sweet, however, for as yet his civilization was not so complete as it afterward became. The result of the experiment was just as great, notwithstanding, and Ben, to use a vulgar but most appropriate expression, got "as drunk as a fool."

Of course Ben was not this time responsible for his condition, nor the many ridiculous capers he cut; nor could it be justly said that he was *ever* responsible, for what did the poor ignorant bear know of the world outside of the stable-yard or of its morality? His teachers and examples were human. Could a mere brute ask higher authority? Ben was but a beast without human intelligence to guide him or human incentives to sobriety, so he allowed himself to be led on to the daily degradation even of his brute nature.

As Ben's example seemed popular, and was pretty generally followed by the men, the landlord permitted this to go on, if he did not abet it, seeing, of course, that all the liquor was purchased at his bar, including that for Ben, who meanwhile was rapidly perfecting himself in the art of drinking whiskey. He could already dispense with the sweet inducement, and take it clear, solely for the "fuddle." Even the brilliant young man, with his superior education, who had now become Ben's frequent companion, could do no more, when whiskey was furnished both, "just for the fun of seeing them together."

Let me here digress a moment to repeat the old story briefly. But eight years back this young man had come to the post, fresh from an Eastern law school, in the bright morning of his life, so full of promise, had twice ably represented the Territory in Congress, where, to gain political friends, he had too often yielded to temptation. Now, like Ben, he needed no persuasion. The once proud, ambitious aspirant for political honors was not above playing his part with a dissolute bear for free whiskey. He would seat himself upon the ground, take the helpless creature by the ears, rudely thrust his head down among the straw, regardless of the bear's feebly squealed protest, calling him a drunken brute, and lecture him upon the disgracefulness of his course, amid the uproarious merriment of the vulgar throng, who, in their secret hearts, rejoiced to see one far above them by nature so degrade himself. Even in this mock elocution there were frequent scintillations of genius from his besotted brain. When both became so stupefied as no longer to furnish amusement, they were left to sleep off the stupor, sometimes side by side, though usually the *man* retired to the hay-loft, where, after a half-hour or so, he awoke with a raging thirst for more whiskey. He would make the best of his way back to the bear's corner (whose stupor lasted longer than his companion's), and purloin the whiskey that still remained in the bottle; for Ben

always drank from the bottle now, and to see him draw the cork was part of the entertainment.

The bear did not altogether like this enforced companionship, not from any sense of degradation at the association with the human brute, but when he awoke from a drunken sleep, he also wanted a little more whiskey to quiet his throbbing nerves, and as this last drop of solace was always gone when the man was around, he naturally concluded that he was the thief, and resolved to rid himself of the nuisance. Bears are cunning, and Ben in pursuance of a plan one night stopped a little short, rolled over before he needed to, and feigned sleep until the crowd had retired, and the thirsty ex-Congressman again appeared on the scene. There was more in the bottle than usual this night, which made the wary politician a little suspicious of the bear; so procuring a long stick, he tried to poke the bottle out of reach, but in doing so it tipped, and spilled some whiskey. Ben seemed so perfectly stupefied, he ventured boldly in. As he stooped to pick up the bottle, Ben struck him a powerful blow on the head, which settled the poor inebriate forever. Then swallowing the whiskey himself, the bear fell over, this time in a real stupor.

The murderer and his victim were found, an hour or so after, side by side. The news spread rapidly, and the horrified citizens flocked to the scene. When Ben opened his eyes, all unconscious of the magnitude of his crime, he was astonished at the multitude, and, greatly pleased, began playing with the body of his victim. A murmur of horror arose which awed the bewildered brute, and the body of the man was dragged away without further notice from his destroyer. Ben's doom was fixed from the first; no trial was required, no more evidence was necessary. There was no friend to offer a plea of insanity, or to prove an alibi, or offer by way of extenuation the fact that he was stupefied by drink, that he had been led astray by bad example and companionship. Ben had not a friend in all the world, and deserved none, for he was not a friend to any living creature, and yet he was doomed to expiate a crime not wholly his. But he was a dangerous brute; he had killed a man; and retribution was in his case sure and swift.

The landlord was seen to speak to a famous hunter present, dressed in a suit of buckskin with fringed seams. The hunter nodded assent, and immediately left the yard. He made his way direct to the river, stepped into a canoe, and taking up the paddle with the air of one accustomed to it, shot across the stream, ascended the opposite bank, and disappeared in his cabin at the edge of the woods.

Meanwhile the crowd remained silent and expectant in the yard, conversing in an under-tone. Ben stood snuffing the air in stupid wonder at the unwonted quiet of his audience. Soon the hunter returned with his trusty rifle. Every eye watched his movements as he scanned the bear. Every ear caught the double click of the hammer as he raised it and brought the gun to his cheek. A sharp report broke the stillness; there was a murmur from the throng; a last groan. The multitude slowly dispersed, and the curtain of night hid the lifeless form of poor dissolute Ben.

W. H. Beard.

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EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY;

OR, FATED BY A JEST.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS,
Author of "Kitty."

XVI.

Several days passed without the possibility of a confidence, even had Waldemar desired it; but he seemed to shun any chance of a *tête-à-tête*, Hilda's perspicacity indicating the motive.

It was not mistrust, much less suspicion, that made him dread an interview. Dr. Edouard's manly outspokenness had cleared her of all but the due share of blame. Waldemar was shrinking from no worldly minded intrigante, no unscrupulous schemer; rather, at least so she fancied, from a romantic, generous girl, whose zealous interference with the due course of things did more credit to the heart than to the understanding. Many things besides she read in her lover's candid face as in a printed book—one above all. He was trying to hold aloof from the fascination with which she inspired him, making a tremendous effort to reason himself out of his passion.

Was he resolved that she should not be his wife? Hilda could not tell, and preferred not to guess.

Meantime the hours and the days sped by, every bagatelle making disentanglement more difficult, involving them more implicitly in the fateful web. Another week or two, and if they sat there with folded hands, their fates would be sealed.

And all this time Hilda knew well enough that she was shining before him in reflected light—the happiest condition in which a wife or a beauty can find herself.

Her sparkling repartee, her skill as a musician, her linguistic powers, were now for the first time in her life turned to delightful account, whilst the natural gayety of youth alone was a virtue of the first water in this somewhat dreary court.

At last, to Hilda's satisfaction, they found themselves alone. She often spent a cool morning hour by the lakelet on which he had sailed his boat as a boy, and here one day the Hofrath opportunely left the lovers together. In that fragrant bowery retreat they were not likely to be disturbed, and Waldemar breathed a sigh of relief as he sat down beside her. Then he said, the simple, unsophisticated words going straight to her heart, "What must we do?"

She was silent for a moment, all her womanly pride and generosity aroused by such a confession of helpless confidence and appeal. Then she said, looking at him straight and unmoved, "There is one thing I ought to do, and that is to go to the Duchess at once and tell her all."

"No," he said, unable to resist a smile in spite of his dire perplexity and uneasiness; "that you shall never do. You do not know my aunt. She would be ready to kill you."

Hilda laughed a scornful little laugh, and a haughty blush dyed her cheeks.

"I fear no one," she said; "the Duchess least of all. The only person I should fear is Waldemar," and she smiled at him, "because I have done you bitter wrong."

He looked at her sadly, adoringly, and most of all wonderingly. "You have wronged me, but I am sure without intention," he said. He was a man little cunning in speech, and when his heart was fullest, his tongue most halted.

"I will tell you everything," Hilda said, "for you do not yet know what I am, nor does Dr. Edouard either. He could not justify me in your eyes. It was more than a desire to serve Hildegarde that made me come here wearing her disguises. I hoped for some such complication as this. I desired nothing so much as to take her place for once and for all."

He had not a word to say. This dazzling, beauteous girl was bewildering him more than ever. Having little experience of human character, except that gained in camps and barracks, he was more unprepared than most for such a rarity.

"I confess it," Hilda went on, in the same crisp, unswerving tones. "It was a freak to begin with, this notion of changing places, but very serious at last. When I engaged Hildegarde to go on a visit to Dr. Edouard's family, I had no idea of anything more than making her happy; but somehow when she was fairly away, when I got used to regarding myself not as the peasant-born Hilda, but the Princess Hildegarde, the delusion pleased me well. I had ever craved a fine fortune from my cradle. I always imagined myself born for better things than the life of a rustic housewife. And my grandmother, forsooth"—here she looked queenly in her scorn—"my grandmother wanted me to marry Dr. Edouard!"

Waldemar would fain have caught her hand and pressed it to his lips. Her contempt was sweetest flattery to him.

"Dr. Edouard is a worthy fellow nevertheless," he said, gazing at the defiant beautiful creature before him in rapture.

"I had no taste for the life of a village doctor's wife," she said; "I wanted to live in the world, to have a career of my own, to become acquainted with the splendor, with the action, with the great movements of society. All my life long I had envied the timid little Hildegarde, only craving a quiet nest, and when—quite on a sudden—the Hofrath came, and I was mistaken for her, I accepted the chance as providential, I thought that my lot was sealed." A lovely blush overspread her features as she added, in a voice that had even a touch of meekness in it: "You will say that I was ignoble, devoid of conscience, in conceiving such a thing for a moment; and indeed I wonder now at my hardness. The Hofrath hinted to me of these betrothals, of the suitor awaiting me. Yet I never hesitated. I think frolicsome, high-spirited girls are all like me in this. I have no sentimentality. My head was never full of romance and love stories. I imagined that I had as good a chance of happiness in thus being chosen for as if I were at liberty to choose for myself, and" (here she held out her hand, with a look beseeching immediate forgiveness) "I eased my conscience, as far as the unseen suitor was concerned, by reflecting that as he and Hildegarde were equally strangers to each other, his chances of happiness were precisely the same."

He bent low over the matchless hand, and kissed it a dozen times.

"Oh, Hilda!" he cried, "why may we not be happy together! Why this cruel, hateful heirship!"

She withdrew her hand, and looked at him with that frank, avowed affectionateness he might well accept instead of sentimentality.

"At least," she said, and her eyes brightened, he thought, with tears—"at least you will believe, I know, that my real grief in being sent away will be the conviction of having caused you pain. If I regret" (here an honest glow did no shame to her cheek)—"if I regret for a passing moment what else I lose in going back, forgive me, above all, forgive me for having won your affections."

"And you?" he said, overcome by the sight of her unaffected concern, emotion it could hardly be called; "and you, Hilda? I thought, I hoped, that the affection was not all on my side. Say that you have not deceived me there."

Even in this emergency Hilda, though blushing, tearful, and distressed, must be her own sparkling, audacious self.

"Nay," she said, with the most bewitching look of reproach imaginable—"nay, if you know it not already, no words of mine will bring conviction. Here I am dumb!"

XVII.

A sense of comradeship, born of the indescribable sympathy of youth, consoled them, and seemed to bring them very near together. To whom could they pour out each other's hearts but each other?

"Hilda," he said, his brief, shy utterance vibrating with deep feeling, "it is this that makes me draw back. Were we indifferent to each other we might play out this hazardous game to the last; but it must not be."

She hearkened in cold, painful silence. What else, indeed, should she expect to hear?

"I blame no one; least of all you," he said. "You were all free to act as you have done, and brave the consequences; but I possess no such freedom. I am a mere link in the family chain; as much an integral part of race and tradition as each brick is a part of yonder palace. And before I am a prince I am a soldier, trained in the iron school of duty, taught, before all things, to bend the knee to authority. I should not be a man had I not rebelled against this double subjection over and over again, had I not been tempted to curse this bondage of race and calling. I have longed to shake off my fetters, but of course in vain. And now it is too late to mend the teachings of a lifetime; what they have made me, I must remain. I blame Dr. Edouard? Not at all. He is a thousand times right, I say, in throwing to the winds all considerations of rank and prestige, and asserting individual right in the person of my cousin Hildegarde. I am compelled by force of circumstances to act the part of coward and underling. I can not break the fetters that bind me fast." He looked round to assure himself that no one was within ear-shot, and added, with gathering storm in his voice, "From the moment I become, in the eyes of my kinsfolk and the world, heir of this house, I lose every vestige of personal independence and freedom. Do not blame me. It is not love that is lukewarm within me, but I can not, I dare not, purchase our happiness at the price of a subterfuge. Do you not see on what a brink we stand? Think of the perpetual terror of discovery, and the results of discovery! Shame and dishonor overwhelming us, our relationship as husband and wife imperiled, our marriage perhaps annulled! Have you thought of these things?"

No, indeed, she had thought of none of these things. The future, as she had depicted it by his side, had been all serene and fair.

He went on:

"I have been trying to make up my mind that I was to be as fortunate as others, that we might let things take their smooth course. I put Dr. Edouard's arguments before me, than whom no man's bear more weight. Yet when he avers that my notions concerning lineage and family position are sheer chimera, and that the fact of birth brings no special duties, I can not feel convinced. Ah, Hilda, would that I were the obscure soldier of a few weeks back! How gladly I should learn that this heirship I hailed so willingly then were no longer mine, and who can say that this is impossible? The sickly child yet lives and may recover his health. I may wake up one morning to recover my freedom."

He once more caught her hand, lover-like, to his lips, adding, eagerly, "If so, I should be free, like Dr. Edouard, to marry whom I pleased. And a proud day for me, when honestly, and before all the world, I might choose for my bride the peasant-born Hilda."

They saw the Hofrath descending the terrace, and he had only time to add: "But we must gain time. We must do nothing underhand. Time—and silence. You understand."

XVIII.

Time and silence! What will they not do and undo indeed? And what may not a jest, a bagatelle, do also? It would seem in this strange phantasmagoria called human life that the veriest whim, the airiest fancy, may sometimes shape itself into the destiny of mortals, when often the up-hill endeavor of years, and the patient, toilsome hopes of half a lifetime, prove barren and ineffective. Be this as it may, certain it is that we see our fellows sometimes strangely fated by "trifles light as air." The solution of such problems may be in the fact that it is only exceptional human nature that goes out of the ordinary groove even so far as wishing, dreaming, or freaking, and that the destiny of those who stand thus aloof from ordinariness must be out of the common way.

Somehow the romantic or heroic element will manifest itself. After that conversation between Hilda and her lover, followed a succession of surprises, or what seemed surprises, taking their breath away, dumfounding them, and rendering disclosure impossible. Even their secret and its responsibilities were now thrust into the background.

In the turn affairs had now taken at the Schloss, it was impossible for them to come forward; and delay, of course, made disclosure doubly and trebly difficult. In the first place the blind old Duke died suddenly, and no sooner were the funeral ceremonies over, than news came of the death of the sickly lad who had been his heir. The lovers were now pushed into a conspicuous place, and every thought, every moment, belonged for the time to others.

Hilda, by the side of her pseudo-aunt, the Duchess, found herself compelled to perform the part of daughter of the house. Nor did the fame of these girlish graces and endowments remain in the little court. Remote kinsfolk of the house wanted to make the acquaintance of this brilliant girl, who up till the present time had been buried in the school-room. The gratification was enormous that at last a house particularly unendowed by nature in the female line should at last have produced a paragon. Her advent was the luckiest thing in the world under present circumstances. What might not a clever, gifted, handsome woman accomplish for the family fortunes, long at a low ebb? Especially happy, too, the finding of such a bride for the new Duke, a plain, blunt soldier, with hardly a word to say for himself. So at least gossiped the friendly kinsfolk of the bride and bridegroom elect. The time for the marriage was fixed, wedding presents and congratulations already began to pour in. The marriage settlements were being drawn up. How could Waldemar speak out? Difficult as disclosure had been in the beginning, it seemed wholly impracticable now. Such an affair could not be kept dark. All the country would be set a-tittering, and the story once noised abroad could nevermore be silenced or forgotten. It was this feeling that made the young soldier's cheek flame and his veins tingle. He felt able to brave scorn, indignation, even contempt, but not the shame born of ridicule. He was ready to affront and defy his kinsfolk and his people by marrying a peasant, but he shrank from the notion of becoming a general laughing-stock. The dupe of his kinswoman, the apparent victim of an intrigue, the sport of the woman he loved! It was not to be borne.

Had Hilda been a mere piece of irreproachable feminine ordinariness, disentanglement might have been feasible. Had she as nearly matched her foster-sister in parts and lineaments, a re-exchange for the time being might have been effected; the engagement with his cousin, the real Hildegarde, broken off; and later, honestly, and before all the world, Dame Anna's granddaughter made his bride. But this delicious impostor was peerless. She could no more be matched among all living womankind than we can match the sunset dyes of yestreen. It was then to necessity that the enraptured lover turned at last. He could not do otherwise than be foolishly happy.

And Hilda! Her satisfaction knew no bounds. She had never felt his scruples. She had always believed in the innocency of her jest.

"Do you know what I had determined to do?" she asked of her adorer when all was settled. "On waking up once more to find myself Dame Anna's granddaughter, I intended to study for the stage, and act there the grand parts denied to me in real life. That would have been a consolation."

"I hope not," was the lover-like reply. "At any rate, it would not have consoled me."

"Then you would have proved yourself a poor creature," retorted Hilda, dominating, lording it over the whole world always.

Least of all were Hildegarde and Dr. Edouard likely to find fault with the turn affairs had taken. The self-reliant, somewhat arrogant young doctor had made up his mind that the result was to be no otherwise long ago. This timid, fawn-like thing that had fled to his sheltering arms for love and protection should never be torn from him.

"Never fear," he had said, when disquieting news would at first come from Hilda. "If any attempt be made to force your will, I have the remedy in my own hands." Whereupon he would point to the map of America.

"There are neither dukelings nor princelings there," he added; "and but for my good mother and sisters, in the new democratic world my home would have been made long ago." When he heard that matters were to take their smooth course he showed no emotion. He had already fallen in with the sentiment of Hilda's epigram: "Exchange is no robbery. Why not be happily fated even by a jest?"

So on the very same day a brilliant wedding pageant took place at the court, and the simplest possible of bridals was solemnized at a little country town far away. And needless to say, had any person who cared to tell that the bride of Dr. Edouard was a daughter of the royal house, and that the beautiful and incomparable Duchess was her peasant-born foster-sister, who would have believed the story?

THE END.

PRINCE BISMARCK AT VARZIN.

Varzin is Prince Bismarck's resting-place. When the great German statesman bought the five estates in Farther Pomerania which now collectively bear the name of Varzin he was still in full vigor of life, for the purchase was made fifteen years ago, and Bismarck was then only fifty-two years old; but it is not improbable that even then this man of ceaseless activity had begun to feel that the time was coming when he would need a holiday now and then—a holiday from the social life of Berlin, with its necessary artificiality and restraint, as well as from official cares and work. However that may be, it is certain that as age has crept upon him, he has more and more sought opportunities to retire for a time to Varzin, and to rest there, where, even to him, simplicity of life is possible and easy.

For such a purpose, and for such a man, the place could not be better than it is. The house is plain and unpretentious, though roomy and comfortable. The grounds are not notably fine in situation or arrangement; but they cover a large area, and have fine forests upon them, with a little river running through them to break the monotony. There are no specially attractive views, and no landscapes of greater than ordinary beauty; but as Prince Bismarck himself once said, he can climb upon the ice-house and see an abundance of green grass and tall trees. Add to this that the estates are far removed from the capital, and lie in a rural district of extreme quietude, where life is simple, and where the good country-folk round about scarcely know and do not at all understand the social and political eminence of their neighbor, and it is easily seen that there, better than anywhere else, the tired man of blood and iron can really rest at his ease during his frequent and sometimes long periods of absence from Berlin.

Unlike many men of affairs, Prince Bismarck knows how to rest, too, and how to live in the country. When he goes to Varzin, he lays off his uniform, and with it the duties and the dignity which it represents. One of his German biographers describes him as receiving his guests at Varzin dressed quite in the rural fashion, with a green coat, white vest, and yellow neckcloth. He takes care to know his neighbors, and to entertain them, not in state, as a prince might entertain diplomatists, but simply as a country gentleman receives his friends of the neighborhood.

In his rides and walks about the country, too, he makes acquaintance with the humbler folk,

and stops by the road-side to chat familiarly with farmers and laborers, taking care to speak in their own Platt dialect. In these and other ways he makes his life at Varzin as strong a contrast as may be to his life in Berlin. He rests from his dignity as well as from his duties, and brings himself for a time into actual contact with the simplicity of nature and of life.

There is good shooting at Varzin, and Prince BISMARCK has always been an eager sportsman, as every reader of his published letters knows; but, as if to maintain the character of the life there as rest, and not work, even the sport is of the quieter kind which does not overtax the energies of the sportsman. It is recorded that while rabbits, birds, and other small game are abundant, with roes enough to give occasional exercise to the hounds, the antlered stags are too few to be chased or killed.

A few years ago, when the Chancellor's sons were school-boys in Berlin, Varzin was their vacation ground, and they were their father's comrades, the statesman becoming a boy again, and finding his chief delight in rambling about with them, trudging over meadow and through woodland, sometimes with his gun and sometimes without, but always with his sturdy boys for his companions; and when the time came for their return to school, he kept them with him until the last hour of the last day, and sent them away only when the time was so short that the postilions must lash their horses into a gallop in order that the last train for Berlin might not be missed.

In many ways the idleness of a great man of action is more significant than even his working life, and for this reason Varzin is a more interesting subject of study than its owner's statelier homes in Berlin and at Schönhausen. It is at Varzin that the man BISMARCK is to be seen; and in his case, as in that of every human being whose achievements are great, the man is of greater worth and interest than the achievements. It is the man who creates the statesman and the soldier; it is the man who furnishes the force with which achievement is wrought.

AN APRIL SONG.

A LITTLE brown bird on a hawthorn-tree
Sat singing beside his nest;
And a maid came tripping over the lea,
And sweet was the maid to hear and see,
With violets at her breast.
And thus she sang, with a smile and sigh:
"The rain falls swift and white,
The sun shines warm and bright,
And the thoughts of love are an April sky.

"For the April skies are but sun and rain,
And the woodland ways are cool;
And love is a little pleasure and pain,
And the maiden who thinks it will remain
Is only an April-fool."
Then she kissed her flowers with a smile and sigh:
"O Violets blue, you know
That love will come and go,
And the heaven of love is an April sky."

The little brown bird on the hawthorn-tree
Stood up on tiptoe to sing:
"Wherever a maid or a bird may be,
On the fresh green earth or the deep blue sea,
Oh, love is the sweetest thing!—
The sweetest thing in a loyal breast,
Let the sunshine come or go,
That a bird or maid can know—
The sweetest thing in a little brown nest!"

And the maiden laughed, and the sun shone bright,
And blue were the April skies;
"Ah, bird," she said, "in a maiden's sight,
Whatever Love does is exactly right,
And the April-fools are wise.
For though the rain raineth every day,
Yet the drifting clouds may go,
And the budding roses blow—
Weeping April may find a smiling May."

MARY A. BARR.

NOT EXACTLY AS WE HAD INTENDED.

WE all disliked him (I refer to that dreadful Small Measure, his first name really being "Sam," but changed by us, with one consent, as soon as we beheld him, to "Small," as much more appropriate) heartily enough before; but after he had the presumption to fall, or pretend he had fallen, in love with Mildred Dainty, our landlady's pretty daughter, we absolutely detested him.

We had been a community of young artists and scribblers, barring the old gentleman in the third story front, who was a wholesale grocer, and the maiden lady of uncertain age in the fourth story back, who was a milliner—both of them as good-natured souls as ever lived—without a discordant spirit previous to his arrival. But ever since that October afternoon he first made his appearance at the front door, arrayed in a drab suit and a felt hat of the same melancholy color, with a brown satchel in one hand and a black silk umbrella in the other, and inquired, in the meekest and thinnest of voices, if he "could obtain board there," and had obtained board there, our landlady being much impressed by his very respectful manner and the mournful tone in which he referred to his mother as "an angel in heaven," he had persistently pushed his way into our circle, eating our oysters, drinking our beer, smoking our tobacco and cigars, never reciprocating in the slightest degree, and, in short, as Tom Toms expressed it, "becoming a reg'lar nuisance." We managed to endure him, however, with many sarcastic remarks and broad—extremely broad—hints about interlopers, all of which rebounded lightly from our target, he belonging to that too numerous class the iron-clads, until, as I said before, he tried to make love to Mildred Dainty. Then, indeed, the already half-awakened lion, or, more properly speaking, lions, were aroused, and ready to tear him limb from limb.

We, the artistic and literary fellows, had known her since she was thirteen years of age, and almost all of us had been wildly in love with her before she saw her eighteenth birthday; but on that auspicious (particularly for him) day she was betrothed to Charley Seabright. And we were all sincerely glad—that is, as sincerely glad as rejected suitors could be—that Charley had won the prize, for he was a splendid fellow, handsome, talented, generous, and—what some handsome, generous, and talented fellows are not—honorable.

Mrs. Dainty was a queer, shy woman, with a Roman nose that suggested the nose of Michael Angelo, looking as though (as was really the case with Mike's) somebody at an early period of life had depressed the bridge of it; a pair of mild blue apologetic eyes; hair—which she arranged in many flat puffs from the nape of her neck to her brow, causing her head to resemble a phrenological chart—of a subdued brown; and a pretty little mouth.

The daughter was totally unlike her, except as to mouth, having large merry gray eyes, golden brown hair (which, when unbound, fell to her very feet), a delicate straight nose, rosy cheeks, and a smile like—like—well, George Lee wrote of it once,

> "A smile like the flash of the humming-bird's wing
> As it hovers over the lilies."

And as Charley was dark, with great black eyes and hair, and mustache to match, they formed an admirable contrast. And somebody says, very justly, according to my way of thinking,

> "In joining contrasts lieth Love's delights."

Small Measure, the detested one, had oblique eyes of no particular color (George Lee spoke of them, or of, in the poetical style, one of them, as "a squinting eye to match a squinting mind"), light red hair, nose and chin sharp as a razor, and a great waste of material in the way of hands and feet. However, he was so quiet, and spoke so tenderly of his departed maternal parent, and was so very deferential to Mrs. Dainty, that that dear good-hearted woman was quite taken with him, and used to, for a long while after he came among us, try to ward off our wordy attacks by some pleasant remarks, and adroitly substitute nice slices of meat from her own plate for the lumps of fat Neil Johnson, who carved, placed upon his, and give him extra large pieces of pie and cake in the fruit season to indemnify him for the apples, oranges, etc., that Perce Winter and I—we sat at either side of him at table—invariably contrived to confiscate. But after he had been there about five months, we noticed that even Mrs. Dainty began to treat him coolly; and when he took to following Millie about, and praying for her, dear little innocent girl, in a shrill voice at midnight, much to the annoyance of the boarders on his floor, knowing all the time that she was engaged to Charley Seabright, she became downright angry, and let the lumps of fat pass her unmolested, and gave him barely his share of cake and pie—not a jot more.

Besides this, she confided to Charley, who confided to us, that Small Measure hadn't paid a cent of board for nearly two months, and that he gave as an explanation that the old gentleman in whose employ he was was very ill, and accounts could not be squared until he got well again. None of us believed in this old gentleman, whose bookkeeper went to business after lunch and returned home an hour before dinner; and Tom Toms, who, disguised as a broom-seller, took the trouble to follow him on two occasions, reported that unless the book-keeping was done in a billiard saloon or the Metropolitan Art Museum, none was done on those two occasions.

Well, after our landlady's tacit agreement to our proceedings, we did everything to oust the unwelcome guest; but he seemed resolved, as Pauline says in *The Lady of Lyons*, referring to her own sex, that his "wings once scorched," he'd "cling and cling forever." Mrs. Dainty summoned up courage and dunned him sternly. He met her glance with tearful eyes, spoke of his once happy home and its lost guiding spirit, told her a long story about his sick employer, whom he could not forsake in the hour of adversity, because of his kindness, in years long gone, to that dear guiding spirit, and assured her she should be paid the moment he himself was paid. And so another month went by, during which we were painfully conscious that he was quietly sneering at and exulting over our unsuccessful efforts to get rid of him, thereby nearly goading us to madness—or Selby Hardwick, who wrote sensational stories for the sensational papers, said he was. But at last our chance came.

Small Measure informed Mrs. Dainty, as he was departing—to book-keeping—one spring day, that he should not be back until late that night. We instantly resolved to lock him out, and keep him out. Nothing could have happened better. It was April 1; we'd make a night of it, and a fool of him. Charley Seabright, the only one who always refused to join in any plot against him—"Hang it!" he said, "I don't want the fellow to think I'm jealous of him"—was away, gone to Boston, and not expected back for three days.

Mildred was delighted. "Don't ever let him in again," she begged. "Only this morning he picked up a button that had burst off my shoe, and kissed it, and put it in his vest pocket. I hate him!—I hate him! And how dare he kiss one of my shoe buttons?"

So we made a bowl of punch, and carried it and our pipes into Kirk Rowe's room—second story front—where we sang, played the violin and guitar, told stories, repeated verses, and discussed art and literature, until ten o'clock, at which hour the rain began to pour down like a second deluge. Merrier and merrier grew our party, and the noise was at its highest, when Perce Winter, who had been listening at the window, struck an attitude and shouted, "'Tis he!" And becoming comparatively silent, we heard him fumbling at the lock with his night-key for a few moments, and then ringing the door-bell, gently at first, but gradually louder and louder. This ringing was immediately drowned by a jolly bacchanalian chorus, kept up without intermission for a quarter of an hour. At the end of this time he had begun to bang upon the door, and the banging was something fearful to hear, and Mrs. Dainty and the maiden lady, in light and airy costumes, were entreating us to stop it, from the upper landing.

"Oh, look here, this can't be stood, you know," said Tom Toms. "I propose that we go down in a body, open the door suddenly, fall upon him like a thunder-bolt, and drive him off the stoop. And then, if he comes back again, I see nothing for it but a thrashing."

I seconded the motion. It was carried unanimously. Like a band of Indians on the trail of an enemy, we stealthily descended the stairs. I quietly unbarred the door, took the key from my pocket, and unlocked it, the storm raging so fiercely outside meanwhile that what little noise I made could not be heard there, and then, as the door flew open, with a wild whoop we precipitated ourselves upon the unfortunate banger, forcing him down the steps and into the gutter before he could say "Jack Robinson."

He struggled out and clasped a lamp-post that stood near, and as he did so the light from the lamp fell on his face, and a well-known voice fell on our ears: "For Heaven's sake, boys, what do you mean?"

It wasn't Small Measure—it was Charley Seabright! Charley, our best comrade—our own jolly, generous, splendid old Charley! We dragged him up the steps in still shorter time than we had driven him down, and into the hall, where we had his rain-soaked overcoat off in an instant, and were about to carry him up stairs with a wild confusion of tongues—"Why didn't you send word you were coming, old man?" "By Jove! it's too bad!" "You're the last person of whom we were thinking"—when Perce Winter exclaimed, "But where, oh, where is that wretch Small Measure?"

"I'm here," answered a soft hypocritical voice over the balusters, "very comfortable, thank you, and I've quite enjoyed the entertainment you gents have been givin'. I came right away after goin' out this afternoon, because seein' a little boy passin' with a piece of paper pinned to his back, I suddently remembered that it was April-fools' Day, and I was afraid somebody might make a fool of me. And I think it's distressin' to be made a fool of, particularly an April-fool. Good-night, and pleasant dreams!"

But he left the next day, just as Mrs. Dainty had avowed her intention of invoking the aid of the law. His mother, who looked like anything but an angel—though, to do her justice, she was much better-looking than her son—came after him. "The scamp," she said, "a-robbin' the money drawer, and a-leavin' me all alone to take care of the shop—pork, ma'am, quite extended, from a sassage to a hull hog—and I never knowin' where he was till this blessed mornin', and I shouldn't 'a knowed then if he hadn't been a-boastin' to a young gal what lives in our neighborhood—he met her out walkin' last Sunday—about the pretty young lady he was a-goin' to marry, and live quite the gentleman in a genteel boardin'-house. And she was that mad at his kissin' a shoe-butting and sich rubbidge—he havin' onst kep' company with herself—that she follered him unbeknown to this house, and then came and tol' me. He allus was a sly-boots, that Sam, and I've had heaps of trouble with him; but I'll pay you what he owes you, ma'am, and look his conduct over, as I've done many times before; but he'll have to mind his P's and Q's after this, I can tell you."

And so we got rid of him at last, though not exactly as we had intended.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE gowns worn by the justices of the United States Supreme Court are made according to the same pattern in use fifty years ago, and have been made by one family of people for nearly forty years. The gowns are put on the justices, in what is called the robe-room, at five minutes to twelve, when they enter the court-room with grave and measured steps, and take their seats. The clerkship of the court is one of the most valuable under the government—worth $40,000 a year. One of the curious customs is that each justice has a body-servant, who is paid $1200 a year by the government. Some of the justices want to select their own body-servants, but they are not allowed to do it by the other body-servants, for the custom is that the newly appointed justice retains the body-servant of his predecessor. The body-servants have never been known to allow a justice to violate this custom. Mr. Justice Woods, who was appointed by Garfield, in speaking to some gentlemen of this custom, said: "My body-servant is the most annoying thing I have yet experienced. The fellow is the first man I see in the morning, and the last I see at night. He forced his way into my room at the Ebbitt House, ordered me to go down to breakfast, and then asked me what I would have for breakfast, taking my order to the cooks himself. I could not get rid of him in any way. He haunted me all the time. I tried to find places to send him to get rid of him, but he was back as quick as lightning. That fellow will be the death of me. I have this satisfaction, however—the other justices are tortured in the same way." When Mr. Justice Gray, of Massachusetts, recently went on the Supreme Bench, he had an idea he would do just as he pleased, but after a trial he finally had to yield, and is now as completely in the hands of his body-servant as any of the others. He not only was not allowed to select a man for himself, but was forced to accept the services of a fellow he does not like. They are death on custom; they live on custom; and no one of the body-servants does a thing different from what he did years and years ago. As a rule, the body-servants are past middle age. The fathers and grandfathers of some of them served in the same capacity, for they never let a new man into the ring.

The following cheerful notice, neatly framed, has recently been hung up in the bedrooms of a well-known English hotel: "In case of the death of a visitor, the hotel charge, in addition to that for damage to linen, etc., and cleansing room, will be five guineas." If any man is foolish enough to die in that house after so fair a warning, he has no right to complain when the bill is presented.

A correspondent of the Yonkers *Statesman* has this to tell: "My boy is three years old. The other day I was showing him some pictures, and in answer to the familiar question, 'What's that?' I replied, 'That's a crown.' He looked up, with a bright smile, and said, 'Yes, papa, I know; Jacks have crowns.' I was aghast, and thought, 'Is it possible the butler has been teaching the child to play euchre?' I finally asked what he knew about Jacks. He said: 'Why, papa, don't you remember? Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling after.'"

Many of the silver half-dollars circulated in Montana are said to be counterfeits made by the Chinese in San Francisco. They are described as of exactly the weight of the genuine ones, and one-thirty-second part of an inch larger in diameter. They contain only sixteen cents' worth of silver, which is all on the surface.

An amusing anecdote is circulating, quietly of course, in English clerical circles. A bishop ordained a rather brilliant young gentleman as deacon, and the very next day sent for the excellent clergyman who had recommended him.

"What may your lordship want with me?"

"I wish, sir, to speak about that young man."

"What young man, your lordship?"

"The young man, sir, whom I ordained. I want you to keep him in check. I had great difficulty in keeping him from examining me."

Those who feel aggrieved at Lenten fastings may solace themselves with Sydney Smith's reflection: "According to my computation, I have eaten and drunk between my tenth and seventieth year forty-four horse-wagon loads more than was good for me."

A Memphis darky stole a mule not long ago, in payment of wages which he could not collect from the owner. Upon being arrested he sent for a lawyer who had saved him from prison once before when the law was after him for stealing bedclothes. The lawyer reminded his quondam client that a fee was still due for services in the bedclothes case, and refused to help him further until that was paid. "Why, boss," exclaimed the disconsolate darky, in a last attempt to touch the lawyer's heart, "I stole dat mule 'specially to sell him and pay you." At last accounts he was still without a legal adviser.

"The poet Wilde's *Unkissed Kisses*," says *Punch*, "are known in America as 'Oscarlation.'"

An Illinois editor returns thanks for a centipede sent him by mail from Texas, it being the first cent of any kind that he has received for several weeks.

The Salt Lake *Tribune* says that John Taylor, the Mormon leader, "got on his high horse in the Tabernacle on Sunday, and declared that the Saints would live their religion, polygamy and all, in spite of the government of the United States."

Wooden shoes are worn in the West, and enough of them are sold to keep a large manufactory going at Green Bay. They are cut out of green basswood, smoked and dried like hams, and sold at thirty-five cents a pair.

The new Chinese minister, making a social call a few days ago on one of the leading families of Washington, was offered a cup of tea by one of the young ladies. The minister drank it, and remarked, very coolly, "It is of medium quality; I will send you some that is really fine." The next day the lady received, with his compliments, two pretty boxes of tea and a pair of vases of exquisitely carved whitewood. The diplomate afterward explained that only the Chinese grandees get the best quality of tea. Foreigners may pay what they choose, they can not get it.

Queen Victoria received many congratulations on her recent escape from the bullet of an assassin, but none that touched her heart more than a letter from a little child, as follows:

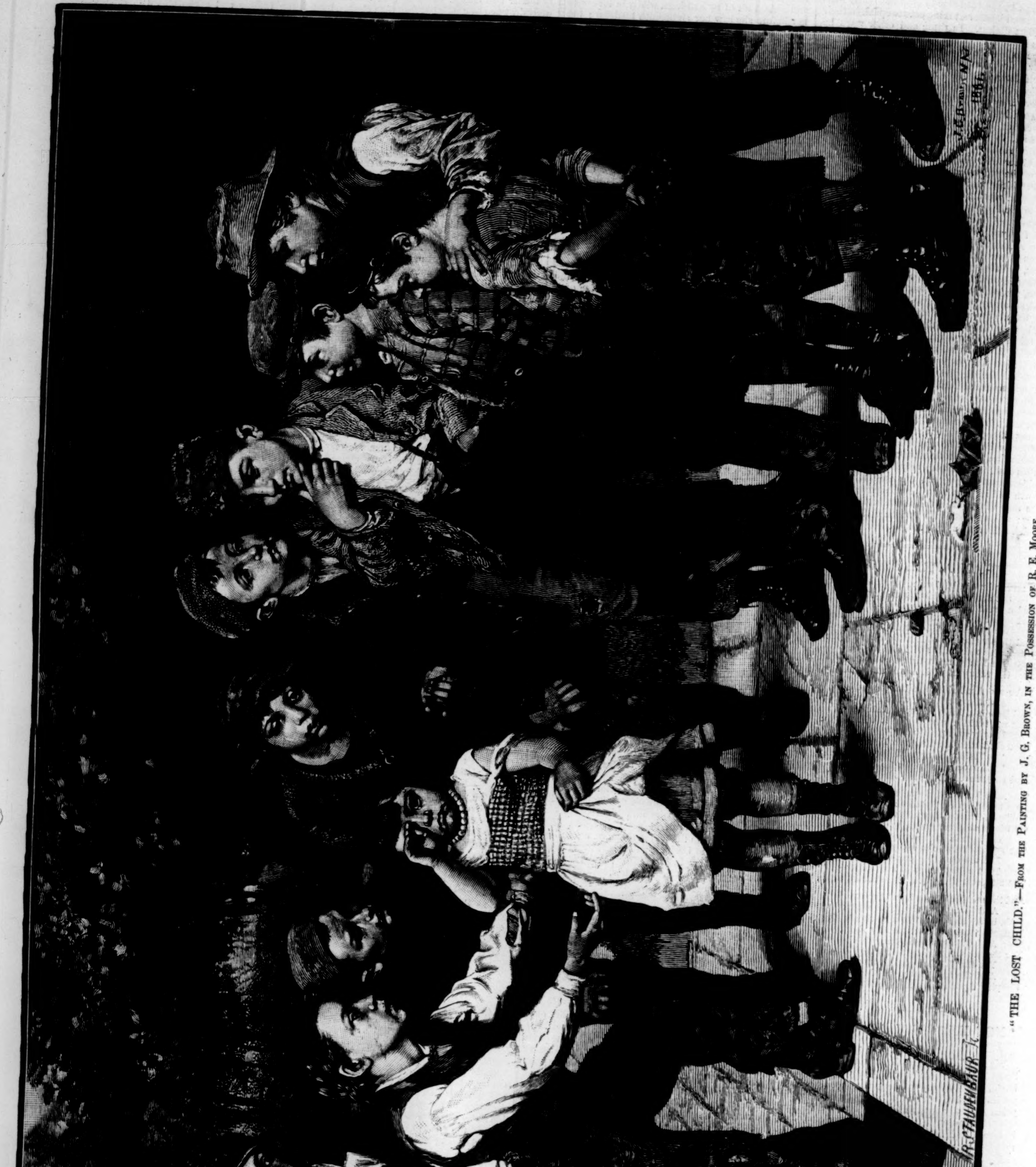
"67 BENNERLEY ROAD, WANDSWORTH COMMON, S. W.

"MY DEAR QUEEN,—My papa has just come home, and said that some bad man has tried to shoot you. What a wicked man he must be to want to shoot such a good Queen! I hope he will be punished for it. Papa says he must be mad, and I think that he must be the maddest man that ever lived. I am so glad that you have not been hurt, and so is papa and mamma. Good-night, and may God bless you!

"*March 2, 1882.* EDITH E. ELLIOTT."

Her Majesty gave command to Captain Edwards to thank the little girl for her, and to express her gratification upon reading the letter.

The great fan which has been in process of construction for some time past, for clearing the railroad tunnel between the St. Louis Bridge and Union Dépôt of smoke from the passing trains, is now in operation, and works with great satisfaction. The entire tunnel can be cleared of smoke from the heaviest freight train in three minutes, and when no trains are in it the air is as clear and fresh as that outside.

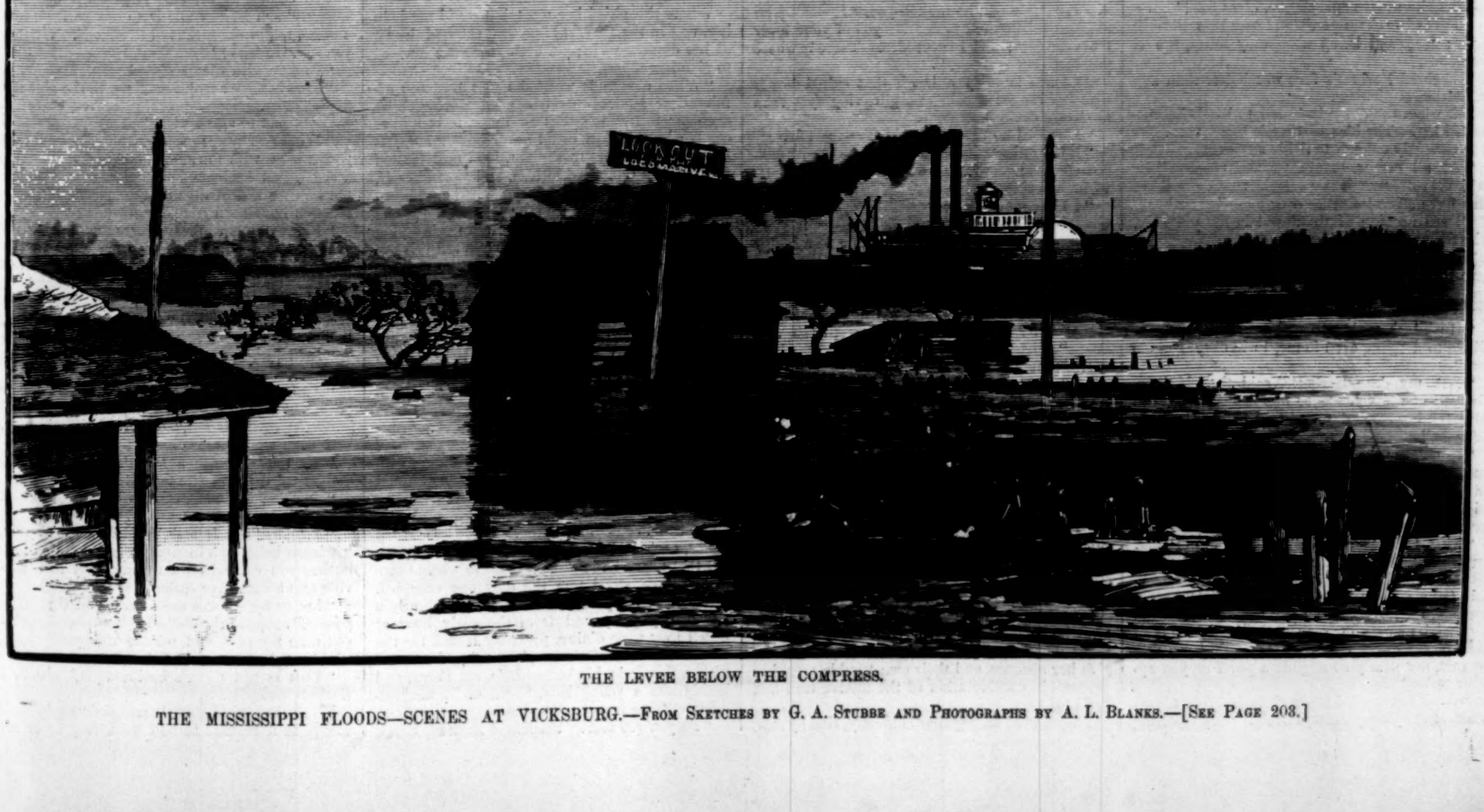


"THE LOST CHILD."—From the Painting by J. G. Brown, in the Possession of R. E. Moore.

VIEW AT THE LANDING-PLACE.

SUBMERGED ISLAND OPPOSITE THE CITY.

LEVEE STREET, FOOT OF CLAY STREET.



THE LEVEE BELOW THE COMPRESS.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS—SCENES AT VICKSBURG.—From Sketches by G. A. Stubbe and Photographs by A. L. Blanks.—[See Page 203.]

A SPRING DAY.

She was so fair, with her golden hair
And her beautiful eyes of blue,
What wonder that I, in passing by,
Tarried a while to woo!
Oh, bright the day of that spring-time gay,
And merry and young were we,
And the words she said, ere an hour had sped,
Seemed full of truth to be.

Oh, nobody heard, save a wandering bird,
The words that I dared to speak,
As I watched the blush, the crimson flush,
That stained her soft fair cheek.
None other ear save hers could hear
The question I whispered there,
While a sparkle grew in the eyes so blue
Of that maiden sweet and fair.

"What answer hast thou? Oh, give it now,"
I joyfully urged at last.
She pencilled a line: "For answer of mine,
Read this when the day is past."

Oh, maids may be fair, with their golden hair;
But those who for love may thirst,
Be careful, I say, in the spring-time gay,
Lest it chance to be—"April 1st."

Mary D. Brine.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

HER SUCCESSFUL RIVAL.

The smooth time runs the fastest, and the coil of life at Bellingham Park ran out without a kink in it. To Herbert Newton there was still, indeed, a hope unfulfilled, but he felt secure of the reward of his patience, and in the mean time work—that balm for unrest—was plentiful with him, and when he had leisure he well knew where to spend it. If at the mid-day meal he was absent from Bellingham Park, the evening always found him there. He had generally something to tell the two ladies which interested them; and as for him, he cared not whether they had news or not.

To Miss Darrell he felt a boundless gratitude for the good word which he knew she had spoken for him. For, undoubtedly, if Clare had thought of him as prosperous and successful, she would not so easily have been persuaded to accept him as a lover. But now, though she still deemed herself unworthy of him, it was a comfort to her to feel that she might be of service to him—might further his plans and realize his hopes, and in a material way make it up to him for the slights of Fortune. In this respect their relations as lovers were inverted; it was the woman who experienced the sense of defender and protector, and in so doing became love's bondswoman. It was the first time in her life that Clare had ever realized the value of money. She cared nothing for it for its own sake; but if she could have persuaded Herbert to take all she had, and expend it upon the construction of an aerial machine, or on the discovery of the philosopher's stone, or on the transmutation of metals, that would have seemed to her anything but an ineligible investment, since it would have afforded him a temporary pleasure. The extravagances which other people permit themselves she would have rejoiced in for his sake. Whenever inventions were the topic of conversation, she struck in for the fanatics who had lost their all in retorts and crucibles, with ardor. Miss Darrell shook in her shoes as she listened to what she well knew was a defense of Herbert's imprudences.

"Dear Clare is quite dangerous in her enthusiasm," said Herbert to the old lady; "instead of throwing cold water upon my magnificent enterprises, she will make me worse and worse. I had no idea she was so speculative, bless her!"

"That's her character," observed Miss Darrell, dryly; "without being absolutely mean, she is voracious."

To behold Herbert's face was better than any exhibition of pictures.

But when the old lady began to laugh he outroared her. The idea of Clare's being voracious was certainly enough to tickle anybody.

"At all events, before we are married," he said, gravely, "as it is possible that dear Clare may have some influence over me—"

"I see no sign of that," put in the old lady, who delighted in teasing him.

"Well, still she *may*, Nannie; so I shall take care that every farthing of her money is settled upon her beyond the reach of science."

"You mean every farthing of *your* money."

"Hush! That is past and gone. If you ever allude to it again, even to me, I will never forgive you."

"But, my dear Herbert," said the old lady, alarmed at the vehemence of his manner, "you must tell her some day, and that before she marries you."

"I don't see the least necessity; and as for her knowing it before she marries me, I would not have her do that for twice the money. Why, she might consider herself under some sort of obligation."

"That is just possible," replied the old lady, gravely. "On the other hand, does it not strike you that you have proposed to her under something like false pretenses? She may take it for granted, for instance, that you have still that ten thousand pounds of your own which has been transferred to her own pocket; so that you are, in fact, not nearly so eligible a *parti* as you appear to be."

"Good heavens! I never thought of that," exclaimed the young fellow, naïvely. "My royalties, however, are doing very well," he added, thoughtfully, "and I can insure my life for the ten thousand pounds."

"It is not for the royalties that Clare Lyster cares, sir, but for the person that owns them," was the retort upon the tip of Miss Darrell's tongue; but she dared not have him believe that all was smooth sailing. It was necessary for her peace of mind to get leave to tell Clare—what, in fact, she had already told her.

"She must certainly be told you have not got the money, Herbert."

"Dear me," he said, greatly troubled, "can you not persuade Clare that this wretched money of mine has been lost in some other way? I don't think it will make any difference," he added, modestly; "but I see that she ought to know. And, on the other hand, she must never, never guess what has really become of it."

"You leave this to me," said Miss Darrell, thoughtfully, "and I think I may almost promise to get you out of it."

When Herbert seized her hand and gave it a grateful kiss, it is possible that she experienced a pang of remorse for her duplicity; but on the whole, I regret to say, she felt very serene and comfortable. Women like a stratagem for its own sake, even when there is no wickedness to make it piquant, and when they succeed each flatters herself she is a Machiavelli.

The worst of it was that, from the nature of the case, the little old lady was debarred from boasting of it to other ears.

On the present occasion she had another innocent intrigue on hand, which so far had been equally successful. She had had to explain away the absence of Clare, who for once had not been in the little drawing-room to receive Herbert that morning. As a matter of fact she had gone into town to look after a certain present she had bespoken for him—for it was his birthday—and which the shop-man had omitted to send, though he had promised to do so that morning. It was a certain aneroid barometer she had heard Herbert describe as being of the most scientific kind, but which was nevertheless unable to find its way to Bellingham Park on its own hook, though it had a hook. Clare had been so foolish as to pay for it beforehand, which is only one degree more reprehensible, and much less convenient, than not paying for it at all. Under such circumstances, it was not surprising that the article had not been delivered at the proper time. As it happened, when Clare called she found that certain alterations had not been attended to. It was growing late, and she felt that to wait for it would keep her from home beyond supper-time; but it was a fine warm evening, and she knew Miss Darrell was not one of those ladies who picture to themselves, when a guest chances to be five minutes late for a meal, either a hospital ward or a police station; whereas, if a birthday present is late for a birthday, it is no longer a birthday present but a bathos.

At last the thing was done, and slipping the delicate, clever contrivance into her pocket, she hurried from the shop into the lighted street. It was much later by this time than she could have anticipated, and she was looking about her for a cab, when a woman suddenly accosted her, haggard and painted, at whose touch—for she had laid her hand upon her arm—Clare shrank back mechanically, though the next moment she looked at her very differently.

There was a hopeless wretchedness in the stranger's eyes that went straight to her heart, and also a certain look in her face that was not wholly unfamiliar, though it was not recognizable.

"Do you not know me, Clare Lyster?"

"Great Heaven! it is Mildred."

"Yes, it is Mildred," returned the other, with bitter self-contempt. "I need not ask what you took me for. Perhaps you would *rather* have spoken to some lost woman in the streets than to me?"

"For shame, Mildred! Why should you think so?"

"Because I have wronged you, and you know it. If you do not, let me tell you. It was I who planned and plotted to deprive you of your lover from the first; and I succeeded. There is where you had your revenge."

And she laughed a laugh that suited better with her rouged cheeks and glittering eyes than any tears could have done.

"I wanted no revenge," said Clare, gently.

"But you have it," continued the other, "nevertheless. Everything you want comes to you without seeking."

"I have much to be grateful for, indeed," replied Clare, simply. "And, believe me, it gives me genuine distress to find you are less happy than myself."

"You pity me, then?"

"I do, from the bottom of my heart."

"That is well. To be pitied by you fills up my cup of bitterness. I drink it now to the very dregs."

Her tone was so fierce, and she looked so wild as well as wretched, that Clare trembled for her reason.

"Pray calm yourself, dear Mildred. Let us go into yonder shop and sit down." She pointed to a pastry-cook's, where, it struck her, they could get a few minutes' privacy under pretense of having some refreshment. "If you have anything to tell me—"

"I have much to tell you, but not there. I can not sit down, because then I begin to think. I must walk, walk, walk, or else my brain becomes on fire."

"Then walk with me," returned Clare, tenderly. She recognized the anxiety that her non-arrival at home must sooner or later create, but she knew that Nannie, and even Herbert, would forgive her absence, and their own trouble upon her account, in consideration of the motive that had detained her.

They moved on together aimlessly, side by side, and for some time in silence, but Clare noticed that her companion's face was looking more tranquil.

"It seems so strange," she murmured, presently, "to have found a friend. It is so sad to be quite alone in London."

"But where is your husband?"

"My husband! Yes, to be sure, I have a husband, and a home, which he is supposed to share with me. It is not a nice home, and therefore has no attractions for him. You know we are poor people, Clare."

"I did not know that, Mildred, though of course I knew that Sir Peter has lost a great deal."

"Poor papa! Yes, he has lost everything—I had almost said, 'including his daughter,' but that was a gain to him. It is as much as he can do to keep himself."

"But I heard he had settled money on you—enough to keep you at least in comfort."

"A married woman has no money," answered the other, bitterly. "My husband finds it scarcely enough to keep himself."

"Oh, Mildred! Mildred! he can never be so base as that."

"Can he not?" she answered, fiercely. "*You* should know he can, if anybody. He always tells me, as an excuse for his niggardliness, that we are very poorly off, and even what we have is in danger. Papa's creditors, it seems, have laid claim to it."

"I had heard of that, but I thought their claim had failed," returned Clare, pitifully. "I am very, very sorry; but if poverty really threatens you, that is surely a reason why your husband should be economical. You may be doing him wrong in thinking him too prudent, when he is only careful for both your sakes."

"Careful! Did you ever know him careful, even for his own sake? My house is not far off. Here is the address. Come and see it, and judge for yourself."

"I can not do that, dear Mildred; it is growing late, and Miss Darrell, with whom I am living, will be expecting me. Another day you shall come and see *me*, and we will talk over what can be done."

"Oh, I see, you are afraid of meeting Percy. There is no fear of that, Clare; his own house is the very last place in which to find a man like him."

"Oh, Mildred, this is shocking! Remember, he is your husband."

"Am I likely to forget it?" she answered, fiercely. "Does the slave forget he has a master?"

"But surely he does not ill-treat you, Mildred?"

"He does not beat me, if you mean that. But what was it we used to read together when we were children?—some play where some one is said to speak daggers though he uses none. That is what he did, and when I felt the steel and turned upon him, he left me. In the day I seldom see him; in the evening, never. At first he told me he was detained on business here and there; he does not trouble himself now to invent excuses for his absence. Some day he will desert me altogether—then I shall starve."

"That you shall never do," said Clare, impulsively.

"Will you promise me that?" said the other, with pitiful earnestness. "Oh, I am so afraid of starving! At one time I never gave a thought to such things; it seemed to me quite natural to see shivering creatures in want of a piece of bread. I was only interested in rich people."

Clare was aware of that, and it was one of the many things that from an early date had put her out of accord with Mildred. The latter's love of display, devotion to fashion, and general artificiality of character had always excited in her a certain repulsion; but now that she was in adversity it was different. She thought of the bringing up Mildred had had; of the influences that had surrounded her; of the worthless books on which her imagination had been fed; and felt nothing but compassion for her, and the desire to help her.

Where she pitied her most, but could not help her, was in the miserable picture she had drawn of her domestic life; yet even there she essayed to give her comfort.

"When a man is worried about business affairs, dear Mildred—even a good man, such as my dear father was—I well know it is apt to change him. Papa could never be unkind, but he became at times distraught, paid no attention to what was remarked to him, and shut himself, as it were, within himself. If one had not known him, one would have said he was careless and neglectful, when in fact he was always thinking how to benefit others. How can you tell it is not so with—with Percy? How do you know he is not engaged, when away from home, in forwarding your common interests? What is it, Mildred? What is the matter?"

Clare felt her companion's fingers pressing her arm as if in a vise, and, following the direction of her eyes, beheld this spectacle. On the left hand of the street, which was a wide and fashionable one, stood one of those hotels once peculiar to the Continent, but which have of late become common in London, where dinners only are served, and which have nothing in common with the English inn. The house was one of great pretensions, and through the thin lace curtains of the gorgeous and well-lighted dining-room its inmates could be distinctly seen. There were many tables, each laid for its proper quota of guests, but that nearest the window close to which Clare and Mildred stood was the only one occupied. There were six persons seated at it, evidently a very merry party, and from the early hour at which they were dining, probably bound for the theatre. Next the window, in evening dress, and with a flower in his button-hole, sat Percy, and beside him a young lady, to whom he was evidently paying marked attention.

"Do you see *that*?" exclaimed Mildred, in low but vehement tones. "That is my husband, who tells me he does not know where to turn for a five-pound note."

To Clare's ears this sounded very strangely. If her case, she thought, had been Mildred's, the idea of the selfish extravagance of her husband would not have been, under such circumstances, the first to occur to her. The situation, indeed, impressed her as so painful that, disregarding Mildred's remark, she good-naturedly endeavored to explain it away.

"Do not judge Percy too hastily," she said; "after all, there is no harm in his dining with friends."

"Friends!" she answered, in a low, shivering voice. "They are not *my* friends!"

Here the company rose, and a servant came out and spoke to the commissionnaire in attendance. "Three hansoms wanted."

The commissionnaire whistled shrilly, and the cabs drew up.

Through the glass door of the hotel could be seen the gentlemen putting on the ladies' cloaks in the hall within. After Percy had performed this office for the young lady who had been his neighbor at the table, he handed her a bouquet, for which it was plain she thanked him as if for a gift.

"That is *your* first love and *my* husband," whispered Mildred, in terrible tones.

Clare, alarmed by her manner, was apprehensive of some public disturbance; but the other stood motionless and silent while the party entered their vehicles, two by two, and were driven off to some theatre, the address of which was given by the commissionnaire. Her husband passed so close to Mildred, who made no attempt to conceal herself, that his companion's cloak swept her dress.

"And now I am going *home*," said Mildred.

"If I had a home of my own to offer you, Mildred," said Clare, "I would say, 'Come to it.' But you know that I am living with Miss Darrell."

"Ay; the old maid that was a school-mistress. No, I don't think I should get on with her. I would rather go to the Burtons; they are Stokeville folks, who keep a boarding-house; only Percy said it was too expensive. How strange it is that the same man can be so lavish and yet so mean!"

This was a true touch, far beyond poor Mildred's ordinary powers. The miser spendthrift, though he exists, is but little known; but she had had a personal experience of him.

"You will be in to-morrow if I call on you?" she continued, earnestly. "You will not let that dreadful old woman persuade you to say, 'Not at home'?"

"Oh, Mildred, how could you think it possible?" said Clare, reproachfully.

"Then I will come to lunch. I do so hate to take my meals alone."

CHAPTER XLVI.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

The news Clare brought home with her saddened rather than surprised her audience. The three sat far into the night discussing what was best to be done.

"If a marriage such as Mildred's had proved a happy one," said Miss Darrell, "it would have been a miracle indeed. I never did like the young woman, nor never shall; but in getting that man for a husband I can easily imagine she has been punished beyond her deserts."

It was a severe remark to make in Clare's presence, who had once been so near getting him herself, but such was the old lady's indignation against "the fibber," as she called him, that she could never forego an opportunity of expressing it.

"The kindest thing that could be done for Mildred," continued Miss Darrell, "would be to procure her separation from him."

"Oh, Nannie! Nannie! he is her husband, after all, remember," said Clare, reprovingly.

"Of course he is; that is just the difficulty. The problem is, how she is to escape from him, and yet retain the means of livelihood. What do you say, Herbert?"

"I agree with Clare—" he began.

"That is mere surplusage," put in the old lady, sardonically. "At present, moreover, Clare has said nothing to agree with."

"What she meant to say, Nannie," pursued the young man, with unruffled good-humor, "is that a separation between husband and wife should not be dreamed of till all other means of reconciliation have been tried."

"Reconciliation presupposes something of goodness and tenderness on each side; in this case, on one of them, at all events, it does not exist. You know it as well as I do, Herbert."

"Then the question is," returned he, tacitly accepting the position, "can Mildred's husband be induced to agree to a separation?"

"He'd jump at it," replied Miss Darrell, with confidence.

"And would he make her an allowance, supposing he was in a position to do so?"

"Most certainly not," answered the old lady, with even more intense conviction.

"Then it becomes a question of how much, and where it is to come from."

"Just so; like most other problems of human life."

"My dear Miss Darrell," said Herbert, gravely, "it is my belief that in some previous state of existence you carried on a manufactory in Stokeville on an extensive scale."

"Let us hope I was more successful than some people," snapped the old lady. "Clare, why don't you take my part, and rebuke this young man, who is very rude to me?"

"That is not Clare's business yet," observed Herbert, audaciously.

What the end of that six months' "probation" was to be it seemed he now took very much for

granted, as, indeed, did Clare herself. They had arrived at the same goal of mutual devotion, albeit by different roads. He had never loved any one but herself, whereas, as she had confessed with shame, she on her part was unable to say as much; on the other hand, she felt that, although she did not deserve it, she was now really beloved for the first time. With this conviction, it is no wonder that, when once "love struck the harp of life," in her case "the chord of self had passed out of sight." It could not be said of her, since she still retained such sympathy for others, that she lived only for Herbert; but that young gentleman and his interests were certainly in the occupation of a great portion of her mind. It was impossible for her to repent of a good intention, but the responsibilities she had taken upon herself in regard to Mildred somewhat troubled her. She wished to be generous to her; but as she had already given all she had in thought to Herbert, it seemed like being generous with other people's money.

The next morning, before Mildred should call, therefore, she resolved to lay this case of conscience before Miss Darrell, and get the benefit of her advice.

"You see, Nannie, poor Mildred, though you may not like her—"

"I don't," put in the uncompromising old lady.

"Still she is a very old friend of *mine*."

"Indeed!" was the dry rejoinder. "I can't say that I ever heard of her doing anything friendly toward you. However, since you say so, I'll take your word for it."

"Moreover, my father and hers were good neighbors for many years, and closely connected in business."

"I remember *that;* and also that after your father's death *her* father did his best to ruin you."

"Not to ruin me, Nannie."

"It was not his fault," murmured the old lady. She could never forget that, but for Herbert, Clare would not now have had a penny left in the world.

"Still he only took what, I am sure, he thought were his rights."

"And very little good they did him," put in the other.

"Just so," pursued Clare, good-naturedly. "On the other hand, he actually did me a service by causing me to leave the firm, as I thereby escaped its responsibilities. For, although I should have had no hand in Percy's speculations, I should have suffered for them."

"Well, that is true. Somebody—we needn't mention names—certainly did overreach himself in that matter. I can see what you are coming to: that Sir Peter is your benefactor, and therefore that his daughter has a claim upon you."

"That is not the ground on which I should plead her cause with you, Nannie."

"Then I should like to know upon what ground?"

"Because she has been an enemy, and is in misfortune."

It was good to hear the tone in which those words were said, and pleasant to behold the face of her who listened to them.

"Of course you will help her, my darling; I knew that all along. I only hoped to moderate your generosity by pretending to oppose it, just as one gets things cheap in shops by pretending not to want them. You may frown, but I've often done it, my dear, and with success. I know I am parsimonious, but I flatter myself I am cunning."

"You are just the best creature in the world, Nannie, but one who gives herself the worst of characters. Now, I want you to advise me out of your true heart, and not out of that scarecrow one you use to frighten people away from you. If poor Mildred's case should prove to be as we suppose it, how much should I be justified in guaranteeing her out of my present income? Mr. Oldcastle has invested my money so well, you know, that it brings me in six hundred a year. I had comforted myself with the idea that it would all go to Herbert, to further something he takes interest in, and promised myself a great treat in getting it all settled upon him before our marriage, without his knowing it; but now I must deprive myself of some of that pleasure, though, of course," she added, with the least tinge of a flush, "it is a pleasure, though of another kind, to help poor Mildred."

"No doubt it is a pleasure to such as you," said Miss Darrell, thoughtfully, "and a very innocent and healthy one; and yet I have heard you say quite stupid things in depreciation of money. The poor creature who clings to it for its own sake, who is always thinking of how to get it, or boasting of it when it is procured, is contemptible enough, Heaven knows; but to my mind the man who sets no value on it (though I grant he is probably a much less disagreeable individual) is the greater fool. Though itself but dross, it is the most powerful instrument for good that man, nay, or woman (since it fits the hand of a simple girl like you), can wield. While, on the other hand, Clare, believe me, not to possess it—that is, to be in actual need of it—is to be without a weapon in a forest of wild beasts; nay, it is not only to be defenseless one's self, but—what with natures like yours is much worse—to be unable to protect the defenseless. Analyze your own feelings at this moment, Clare, and you will discover that for three-fourths of the happiness of which you are in enjoyment, nay, of the very good that you are now purposing to do, you are indebted to the possession of a competence."

"Now, upon my word, Nannie," exclaimed Clare, laughing, "I call that quite a flight of oratory, except the last line of all, which struck me as rather a bathos. I'm sure I don't wish to contend that it is not pleasant to be well off and able to assist others; but when I think of poor Sir Peter—a sort of dethroned Midas—and what comes of money-grubbing, I'd sooner live on a crust—"

"You have never lived on a crust, my dear," put in Miss Darrell. "If you had done so, you would find that the feeding is not the worst part of such an existence. I must say for Mildred that so far she seems to take a sensible view of the situation.—Well, Jane, what is it?" for here the parlor-maid had entered.

"If you please, ma'am, a young person has called to see Miss Lyster."

Miss Darrell and Clare exchanged a rapid glance. The visitor could not surely be Mildred, so long before she was expected, and described in so singular a fashion?

"When you say a young person, Jane, do you mean a young lady?" inquired her mistress.

"Well, ma'am, it might be, and it might not; she did come in a keb, but she is carrying a baby."

"Good gracious! Who *can* it be?"

"Please, ma'am, she said her name was of no consequence, but that she had come from Stokeville to see Miss Clare on business."

"It is Gerald's wife, Nannie," whispered Clare.

"To be sure—no doubt. What on earth could have brought her up to London?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

The overflow of the Mississippi this year has been greater in extent and more disastrous in its consequences than any that has ever before taken place. A careful analysis of the scattered accounts which have appeared since the first serious break fully establishes the fact, and after due allowance is made for the vagueness or extravagance of reporting, the conclusion is inevitable that the loss of life, the suffering, and the injury to property, both actual and in the prevention of planting, are something unprecedented in the history of this mighty and wayward stream. The average American has but little conception of the terrible power for mischief that dwells in this sluggish river. For a distance of some two thousand miles it flows with a mean width of three thousand feet, down a slope of less than six inches to the mile, at a speed which is usually about two miles an hour. Such a leisurely march implies plenty of time for digressions, and as a matter of fact from Cairo to the Gulf the river winds about nearly eleven miles for every five miles of its progress in a direct line. Along its whole course it is enabled to work its own will with a rich alluvial plain from thirty to eighty miles in width, in which it from time to time cuts new channels, leaving the old ones in the form of innumerable side lakes or bayous. On either hand, below the Ohio, it is joined at irregular intervals by other streams of like character with itself, vast slow-moving bodies of water traversing low "bottoms," spreading now and again into shallow lakes, curving about the changing obstacles to seek new channels, and making the whole river region a wide net-work of languid but treacherous currents, lazy in time of peace, but capable of savage and destructive fury when aroused by the passionate spring floods.

This year these floods have been earlier, swifter, and more overwhelming than ever before. From the mouth of the Ohio nearly to the Delta at New Orleans, the Mississippi has broken down the wretched barriers, or levees, erected to confine its waters, and has spread itself over the adjacent lands. These levees, which are often referred to, and generally regarded as constituting a "system" of defense against the river, are in reality but an unequal series of low dikes, scattered along the banks on either side, constructed by the several States, or by the parish (or county) authorities, and supplemented by private effort. They have no reference to each other, or to any combined effect upon the course of the river. They are variously built, some of them wide and strong, but most of them low, composed of earth, often soft and yielding, and offering complete resistance only where and when resistance is but slightly needed, and giving way whenever the danger to which they are directed is most imminent and terrible. They are like a line of battle made up with artillery and veterans at long intervals, but with raw recruits and camp-followers straggling thinly between. The first impetuous assault of the enemy breaks through at a hundred points, and ingulfs the wide area behind. Now it happens that the country along the river valley, to which these levees offer their delusive protection, the famous "bottom land," is most of it rich as the valley of the Nile, with an inexhaustible store, layer upon layer, of fertile soil. It has attracted a great share of the agriculture of the bordering States, and has well repaid every effort expended on it. It is now occupied in part by plantations, larger or smaller, and by the little patches of farm land which the "poor whites" and the freedmen have rescued from the forest, from the brake, or from the swamp. Although capable of sustaining a population many times as great as it now has, it still nourishes thousands of people, dependent on its cultivation for their living, and most of them living from hand to mouth on the products of the year, generally of the year next ahead, their food, clothing, stock, implements, and price of labor being advanced on pledge of the crops yet unsown.

It is into this region, thus occupied, that the awful tide of the Mississippi, swollen by the descending currents of the hill country, has poured its devastating flood, until from Cairo to Vicksburg the only land visible appears in isolated islets above the wide waste. On these, usually capped by a cotton-gin house, are huddled thousands of homeless, half-starved people. The Parisot line of steamboats, starting from Vicksburg up the Yazoo, Tallahatchie, and Sunflower rivers, has three light-draught steamers constantly engaged in rescuing these miserable refugees. Each steamer is equipped with boats and rafts. Its orders are to push out as far as may be into the overflow, anchor, and send out its boats to the submerged points, or to search among the forest trees for any who may be sheltered there. Each steamer returns at night to the nearest place of safety, laden with from three to four hundred men, women, and children. Of these sad companies it is reported that nearly all are wasted with hunger, worn and sick with exposure, and broken by the shock and desperation. It is significant that each skiff that puts out from a steamer is provided with stimulants and medicines, as well as with food and dry, warm clothing. Two United States steamers are also engaged in the same work. From New Orleans alone over a quarter of a million of rations have been sent out, and the commanders of these beneficent expeditions have found the number of sufferers so great that they have abandoned the work of removing refugees, and confine themselves to distributing relief, lest while they were bringing off the nearest, the more remote should perish of starvation and cold and exposure.

The sufferers are of every class. Not a few of them are planters of moderate means, who in ordinary times till considerable ground at fair returns, but who are now reduced very nearly to poverty, and for the time being to absolute want. The greater number are negroes, who, working the land on shares, have lost their little all. Others of the same race are more fortunate in being absolutely necessary to the planters if the cotton is to be got in this year at all. These are being rescued and cared for by the planters of means on the same principle that the latter are organizing expeditions to save the mules and horses. The class which suffers most are the poor whites—farmers, cattle-raisers, and wood-choppers—men whose hard and constant toil gives them but scant provision for the daily wants of themselves and their families, and whom no one, except from pure philanthropy, is interested in aiding. Pure philanthropy, however, is by no means wanting, and the correspondents of the Western journals report many instances of heroic, unselfish devotion. During the first days of the flood there were many lives lost because general confidence was felt in the stronger levees. It was only at the last moment, when the flood rose beyond the points reached in the hitherto unprecedented days of 1874 and 1867, that the danger was realized, and then it was in many cases too late to avert it. The river not only flowed over the barriers erected against it, but it broke through them, and poured upon the doomed fields with a strength compared to that of the rapids of the St. Lawrence above Niagara. How many lives were lost none will ever know, for in the remote and thinly settled regions all accurate statistics are unattainable.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

A Happy Misprint.—Anecdotes of Cabmen.—"Do fetch me out!"—The Channel Bore.—A Warning to Novelists.—Snobbism of the London Press.

The host of rowdies and ragamuffins who make a practice of attacking the "Salvation Army," and who are looked upon in consequence, I am sorry to say, with anything but disfavor by certain ultra orthodox persons, are increasing their claims upon their gratitude by attacking the Mormons. "The Rough," not being well instructed in theological matters, believes perhaps that the Mormons are a self-denying and religious body whom it is a duty and pleasure to put down and trample upon like any other Christian folk. It is curious, considering the universal talk about civil and religious liberty, how we all *stop somewhere* in adhering to our principles. Some of us, as one may read between the lines in the letters of the apologists for Russian brutality, stop at Jews; and I confess that I myself read of the discomfiture of the Mormons at King's Cross the other day without a very keen indignation. This, however, may arise—and I hope it does so—from the conviction that the Mormons are humbugs. It is said that the soldiers of the Salvation Army, like other soldiers, have a weakness for the fair sex; but it is not an article of their creed, whereas a Mormon elder is a polygamist first, and everything else afterward. I can never forget, however, that to those very questionable saints of Salt Lake City literature is indebted for its happiest misprint. In a late edition of Pope,

"The enormous faith of many made for one,"

was rendered, and very naturally, by the compositor,

"The Mormon faith of many made for one."

The wheel of time has brought up again the subject of our cabmen. Their great advocates are the lawyers, whose clients pay for their cabs; and their antagonists the ladies, whose husbands keep them short of pin-money, and thereby compel them to "look at every shilling." *They* contend that a cabman *won't* "look at a shilling." "A shilling! a shilling!" he says, contemptuously; "I do believe you women think as you'll get to heaven for a shilling." Some of the correspondence upon this subject is very amusing. One man writes to the *Standard* that he had paid his driver handsomely, and the man came after him with the information that he had given him, in place of a shilling, a sovereign. Delighted and surprised with Jehu's honesty, he gave him half a crown in acknowledgment of it, and they parted with mutual satisfaction. The sovereign, however, was a bad one.

A country clergyman was once staying with me in town, to whom a bad half-crown had been given in change. The good divine was amazed, of course, but his great anxiety was lest he should pay it away in mistake, and some one else should suffer from his own misfortune. He would have put it in the fire, but it was summer-time, and there was none; he went out in the morning with the intention of throwing it into the river, but forgot all about it. He came back in a cab, which drove away at great speed directly it had set him down. "Stop, my man! stop!" he cried, in an agonized voice, but the man only drove on more quickly. "What is the matter?" I inquired. "I have given that poor man my bad half-crown, and he has given me a shilling in change. I should have thought he *must* have heard me." "He certainly heard you," said I. "Let me look at the shilling." It was a bad one. The result of the whole transaction was that my reverend friend reduced his original loss to a shilling, and that the driver lost his confidence in the clergy of the Established Church.

I sometimes wonder whether the clergy are not made the peculiar sport of paragraph writers in the newspapers, for such things are often told of them as seem incredible. A "country rector" is stated, on receiving notice of the interment of the child of a Wesleyan under the new act (which does not require his ministrations at the grave), to have sent the following letter: "Sir,—I rejoice to receive your notice of burial. It has always been a most painful duty to me to read the beautiful service of the Church over schismatics." There has been nothing like this "I rejoice" since Sydney Smith was asked whether *he* would consent to bury a Dissenter, and replied, "With the greatest pleasure."

When one reads *Nicholas Nickleby*, the impression produced by the account of the old gentleman in small-clothes descending the chimney to make love to Kate's mamma, is that of caricature and exaggeration. Yet the very same thing, though for another purpose, was done by somebody at Leeds the other day. A tradesman was awakened by suffocating cries in his chimney, the soot from which was falling in clouds. To his inquiries as to what was the matter, a voice cried, "Do fetch me out!" When the other prudently replied, "I will fetch a policeman," the visitor's struggles were redoubled. When the constable came, however, he was no use without a bricklayer, and most of the chimney had to be pulled down. Imagine the tableau while this was being effected. *Dramatis personæ:* proprietor of premises, officer of justice, British workman, and audible but invisible stranger. A dark lantern and skeleton keys were discovered on the visitor's person, so that the circumstances were a little difficult to explain. All he said was—with some floating idea, I suppose, of the charge of breaking into a dwelling-house—"I've broke nothing."

"The average rate of boring in the Channel Tunnel," I read, "has been greatly increased," and the proportion, I regret to say, has been maintained outside it. Like the chalk formation itself, I am very easily bored, and suffer from the tunnel dreadfully. Some of the reasons put forward in its favor are really amazing. For one thing, it is stated seriously that it will draw together the bonds of brotherhood between us and the French. Means of intercommunication always do that. And yet there are several bridges, I understand, across the Rhine. I have heard so, but I do not know it from personal observation, nor am I going to see. I never do go to sea, because it makes me sick; and yet I would rather spend an hour and a half in the agonies of *mal de mer* than half that time in a tunnel twenty-one miles long. Moreover, though I take it for granted, for the sake of argument, that such a tunnel could be made safe, I should by no means take it for granted if I was *in* it. It is true, in the intervals of illness, I am always very much alarmed even on board ship, but I had much rather sink in the sea (which is, after all, natural enough) than that the sea should come down upon me in a tunnel (which is artificial). No; there is only one reason which would induce me to vote for this ridiculous enterprise, namely, to oblige Sir William Watkin, who seems to have set his heart upon it.

I hope the ideas of French justice as regards the naming of characters in fiction will not be imported into this country. M. Zola's countrymen, it seems, have for the first time found fault with him, not for his filth and vice, but for calling a lawyer in one of his books by the name borne by a real lawyer. There does not appear to be any similarity in their characters, but merely a coincidence in name. In one of Mr. Trollope's novels—I think, *The Belton Estate*—the bad character of the piece is called Sir William Harcourt, and he is her Majesty's Solicitor-General. The present Home Secretary was at that time plain Mr. Harcourt, and had not held office, but he was, of course, a barrister, and might very well have complained. Dickens used notoriously to take his names from those he read over shop windows, and must therefore have often laid himself open to the charge of this offense.

The more the "Furneaux" case develops, the more astounding does it become. There is absolutely nothing, it seems, which the woman's dupes would refuse to believe if it had only pomp and pinchbeck enough about it. She gives out that the Prince of Wales has sent for her (in her assumed character, of course, of Lord Pelham Clinton), and has promised that one of the royal carriages, "with four grays," shall be in waiting for her at the station. Having borrowed money from her friends for this pretended expedition, she writes to them from London, "The carriage met me, but instead of the four grays, as usual, there were six roan horses." The extra pair were probably worth several thousand pounds to her. And yet we should not be too hard upon these poor duped wretches. A snobbism hardly less ridiculous pervades the press itself. Only last week there were posters in the streets, telegrams in the clubs, and "special articles" in all the evening papers about "the alarming accident to her Majesty the Queen," which, after all, was simply an accident to one of her outriders. What happened to *him*, indeed, was not much dwelt upon; the "matter of congratulation" was not that he was but little hurt, but that he was on "the off side of the royal carriage," otherwise, in the beautiful language of the penny-a-liner, "he would inevitably have been projected into the conveyance."

R. Kemble, of London.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY LAW.

The New Jersey Legislature, a political body attached to the corporations of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New Jersey Central Railroad, has recently been doing some very curious work. Although known to be owned by the corporations to which we have referred, it is nominally a body representing the people, and exercising in their name the constitutional powers of a Legislature. When the interests of the people and those of the railways conflict, the latter invariably win. For instance; every community has an inherent right of practicable and convenient approach by means of streets and roadways to any river or bay—the common highway of mankind—upon which it may be situated. Some years ago, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company bought of the owners along the water-front in Jersey City certain lands, embracing nearly the whole shore-line of the city. With that purchase it has long claimed that it secured the absolute control of any land "made" or filled in along their line. In the exercise of this pretension it has shut off the streets across the "made" land, and hemmed in the people of the city from all approach to the water or communication with New York, except by such lanes and ferries as, in the exercise of its discretion, it may choose to accord to them. This outrageous claim was naturally disputed, for there is a point at which even the New Jersey man will turn against the heel that treads upon him. A lawsuit ensued, which has been carried to the Federal courts, where it may drag its slow length along, without decision, for many years. Meanwhile the railroad company has secured the passage of a bill confirming its right to the disputed land, and to the exclusion of all public routes therefrom. During the show of debate on this remarkable bill one Senator said that when either the Pennsylvania Railroad Company or the New Jersey Central Railroad Company wanted anything, it got it, and when, as now, both wanted the same thing, there was no use resisting, and so the New Jersey Lycurgus voted for the measure—a touching instance of resignation to the will of a higher power.

The passage of this bill is one of the most open and shameless cases of the betrayal of public trust that even the New Jersey Legislature has ever indulged in. It is an indecent prostitution of powers confided by the people to their representatives. It is hardly conceivable that it was secured without the use of money, for it is simply unblushing robbery of the people, and men do not practice that vice for pure pleasure. The railroad bought the land referred to some twenty years since for $20,000. They recently sold a small patch of it for $1,800,000, a neat profit of over ninety thousand per cent., from which the value of the steal now contemplated may be reckoned. Nor this alone: the land seized by the railroad bars the sewers of the city, and this interference has already increased the death rate of the city by from twenty-five to thirty per cent.

Governor Ludlow has won for himself the approval of the community by the bold and fearless attitude he has taken against the wholesale robbery of the people, while the Legislature, by its ready subserviency to greedy and unscrupulous corporations, has earned the contempt of all its constituency.

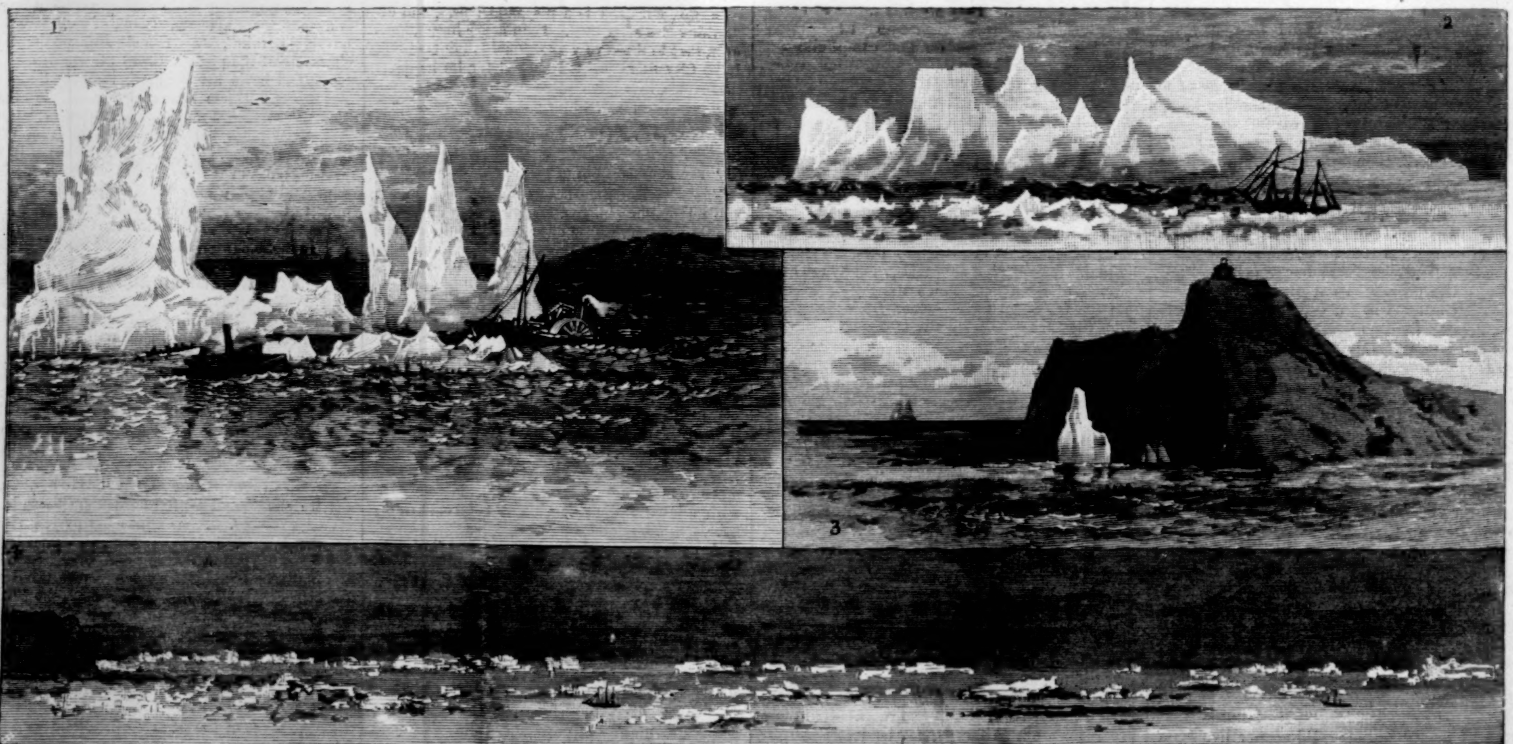
A GRASPING MONOPOLY.

"Halt, and give the Countersign!"—Possible Street Scene in Jersey City about a Year hence.

A FLEET OF ICEBERGS.

The iceberg season began very early this year, indicating a moderate winter in the Arctic Circle, and thousands of great ice-islands are floating across the track of commerce between America and Europe. Our sketches will afford the reader a good idea of their number and size. The artist made his way to the light-house on the cliffs of Cape Spear, and, by means of a powerful spy-glass, was enabled to make drawings of bergs which were floating miles away from the shore. With the naked eye he could see one hundred and twenty-six bergs, some of which were more than a mile in length, and of great height.

Sketch No. 1 shows two singular formations, one of which the fishermen called "The Guiteau Swing," and the other "The Triplets." The panoramic view gives the dreary prospect from the light-house. Some of the large icebergs in the distance are aground, while others are slowly floating with the ocean currents. At the time the sketches were made, several fishing vessels were jammed in the ice, unable to move, and steamers could only with great difficulty and peril force their way through the heavy pack.



1. "The Guiteau Swing" and "The Triplets." 2. Iceberg Twenty Miles east of Cape Spear. 3. Cape Spear. 4. In the Highway of Commerce.

AN IMMENSE FLEET OF ICEBERGS OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.—From Sketches by John W. Hayward.

THE OLD MAN MEDITATES.

By Will Carleton.

Illustrated by W. A. Rogers.

I.

Nay, Maggie, let my old-style fancies be—
I'm sorry that you interrupted me!
'Tis sweet to press a pretty hand like this,
And taste the flavor of a grandchild's kiss;
I love to draw you to me tender-wise,
And look off at my boyhood through your eyes
(For they are telescopes of wondrous view,
That bring me back a girl that looked like you);
Your voice is, as you just now used it last,
A silver key that takes me through the past;
And now you're here, you girl-witch, you shall stay,
But still I'd rather you had kept away.

II.

For I've been sitting here an hour, I'll own,
Catching some thoughts a man holds best alone,
And shadows on my poor old soul have found
That might feel chilly like to folks around.
I've seen the sun go sailing out of sight,
Far from the gloomy, shifting shores of night,
And wondered (though perhaps 'twas wicked) why
God would not swing those gold doors of the sky
And take me from this world, that's grown so strange,
To heaven, where maybe fashions do not change;
For I am like a gnarled and withered tree
With a new growth of forest shading me.

III.

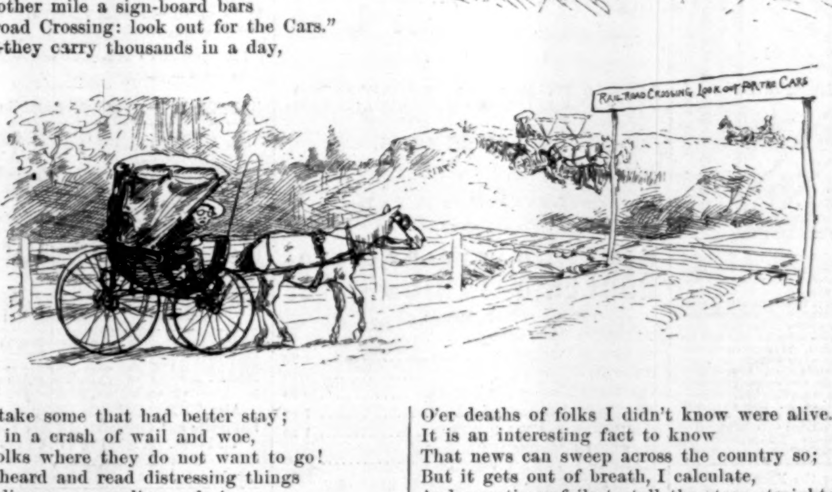
The world keeps *newing* so!—they fashion it
So old men find no place wherein to fit.
"On and right on," leaps hot from every tongue;
"Live while you live," and "Go it while you're young."
An average, moderate life, if these things last,
Will be among the lost arts of the past;
These rushing days of lightning and of steam
Push everything out into an extreme.
The rich grow richer, smarter grow the smart;
It's harder for the rest to get a start;
And Wholesale grows more Wholesale every day,
And Retail has to stand back out the way.
It's hard to tell, 'mid all Progression's jumps,
How far this world will make up into lumps.
Farewell, old churn, with dasher fringed with cream,
These times when cows are all but milked by steam,
And in the bustling dairy may be found
Butter by tons, instead of by the pound,
While several of the corner groceries keep
Its bogus brother, oleomargarine, cheap!

IV.

Good-by, old country mill of water-power:
This steam one does your week's work in an hour!
Adieu, gas, tallow, kerosene, and whale:
The blue-eyed, earth-born lightning makes you pale!
You sailing craft, make wide your fluttering crown,
Lest the great fire-fed frigate run you down!
Old-fashioned politics, cease your mild strife,
When men can say, "An office or your life!"
And you, small rogues, ere you so guilty feel
Because a thousand dollars you may steal,
Look at that scamp of sanctimonious style
Who pilfers millions with a charming smile!

V.

Once I my sorrel nag in peace could drive,
With some fair chance of reaching home alive;
Now, every other mile a sign-board bars
With "Railroad Crossing: look out for the Cars."
These cars—they carry thousands in a day,



And maybe take some that had better stay;
While often, in a crash of wail and woe,
They take folks where they do not want to go!
And I have heard and read distressing things
Of railroad cliques, monopolies, and rings;
I've tried to understand their "stock reports,"
Their "bulls" and "bears," their curious "longs" and "shorts";
Wherefrom the most that I can calculate
Is, if to fall among them is your fate,
Your heart, ere many months, will sing the song,
"My pocket's short, my countenance is long."
It may be right, the way these fellows do it,
But old men can not fit themselves down to it!

VI.

Once all my worries (and a plenty too)
Were kind of circumscribed to folks I knew;
But now the telegraph and papers try
To bring this whole world underneath the eye,
And my old fool heart into sorrow drive
O'er deaths of folks I didn't know were alive.
It is an interesting fact to know
That news can sweep across the country so;
But it gets out of breath, I calculate,
And sometimes fails to tell the story straight;
And talk that's false, or frivolous, or too small,
The slower it goes, the better for us all.
It's smart, this flashing news from shore to shore,
But old men value peace a good deal more.

VII.

In the hay field how gallant and how blithe
Sang their loud song my whetstone and my scythe!
How in the dewy morning used to pass
My bright blade's whisper through the shuddering grass!
And gayly in the harvest fields of old
My sickle gathered God's most precious gold.
But now the patent reaper rattles there,
The men it drove out gone—the Lord knows where.
It brags and rattles through the field in haste,
Gathers the harvest—what it does not waste—
And leaves not much for poor old men like me,
Except to sit upon the fence and see.
God bade man till the soil; but it would seem
He's shirked it off on horses, steel, and steam.
It's well—if he don't use the extra time
In wicked mischief or mischievous crime.
This giving Work the go-by may be smart,
But, I have noticed, doesn't improve the heart.
I know I'm 'way behind these rushing days,
But still I like the good old working ways.

VIII.

Your grandam made her own trim wedding dress,
And fitted it, and wove it too, I guess;
There never, Maggie, was a witching elf
That went past her—not even you yourself.
You have her gentle eyes, her voice, her touch—
But, sakes! you cost a hundred times as much!
They've had to flute, and flounce, and trick you out
(It wouldn't be safe to mention, I suppose,
That horror-hat you keep for evening shows),
And squeeze, and pull, and jerk you all about,
Till it's a question rather hard to meet,
How you came through it all so good and sweet.

You wouldn't have had to bother in that way
If some cute Yankee had not, one fine day,
Placed, with eyes made by money-hunger keen,
A sewing circle in one small machine,
Which hungers after cloth and thread; and so
Dress often takes up some new furbelow.
My old-style pocket with gaunt pain it fills;
But I won't groan—I do not pay the bills.

IX.

Church matters, maybe, ain't for me to name,
For true religion always keeps the same;
And they may higgle, contradict, and doubt,
And turn the good old Bible wrong side out;

But they can't change, however hard they
  try,
Arrangements on the top side of the sky.
I like to read the new way that 'tis told—
It often helps me understand the old;
But when my daily prayers I come to say,
I think I'll use the straight old-fashioned
  way.
He taught that grand old prayer to us,
  you know—
'Twas more than eighteen hundred years
  ago;
And if its words were any way amiss,
He'd probably have told us long ere this.
Leastways, He's heard me so far in that
  style,
And I'll hang to it yet a little while.
Ah me! this matter's just like all the rest:
Old ways for old men mostly are the best.

X.

But whatsoever changes I can name,
One institution always keeps the same,
And soon or late enacts its noble part,
And that's the grand and glorious human
  heart.
Perhaps it lurks in wretchedness and slime,
Is dragged by Passion through the waves
  of Crime;
Or Indolence around its couch may creep,
And lull it for a season into sleep;
Or Selfishness may ravage all about,
Eat its supplies and well-nigh starve it out;
But when it can the body's grossness shed,
The god-like human heart comes out ahead!

XI.

No, Maggie, do not go away from me,
But turn your eyes round here where I can
  see;
They show me that there's much that earth
  can give
Designed to coax an old man yet to live.
The tender, true heart you have always
  shown
In brightening up my dim life with your
  own,
The way you've treated me—with as much
  grace
As if I owned three-quarters of this place,
While you and all your folks are well aware
My purse is full of poverty to spare—
Show, in the sandy shifting of life's ways,
That Love's first fashion still among us
  stays;
And that young fellow coming down the
  lane
Will help to make my meaning doubly plain.

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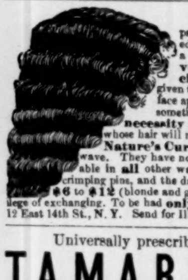

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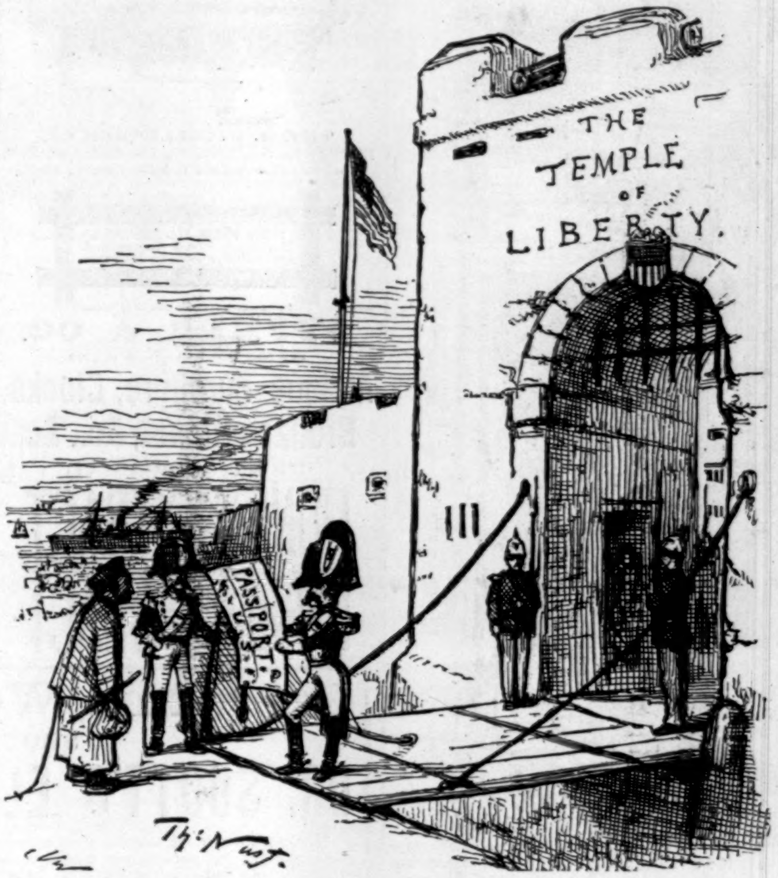

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